THE LIVING AGE

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for May, 1933

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE; in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

UNDETERRED by the descriptions of Nazi violence against the Jews that have been filling the American newspapers, we are calling attention to how the same terror has affected the remaining 99 per cent of the German people. The *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent describes several authenticated cases in which victims who were neither Jews nor Communists ran foul of Hitler's storm troopers and gives us the idea that one half of Germany—the half that voted for Hitler—spends most of its time beating the other half, which did not. As we point out in the opening paragraphs of 'The World Over,' the counter-revolution has gone so far that it is no longer the reactionary *coup d'état* that a handful of *Junkers* and industrialists had hoped for but has become instead a mass uprising of the dispossessed middle class.

LAST February and last May we translated two articles by Xavier de Hauteclocque out of which has grown his analysis of the mysterious deaths of Prince Léon Radziwill, organizer of the short-lived European steel cartel, and Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian banker who fell out of an airplane into the English Channel. In his first article M. de Hauteclocque described the functioning and personnel of the British Intelligence Service and in his second article, on Sir Basil Zaharoff, he hinted at what he does not yet quite dare to state—that Sir Basil and the British Intelligence Service might have been implicated in the deaths of both Radziwill and Loewenstein. He not only establishes the motives in both cases but he brings forward some impressive circumstantial evidence. In the light of the trial of the British engineers in Moscow these charges acquire added importance.

DIE TAT, which we used to describe as a 'National Socialist monthly,' has not changed in recent months, but National Socialism has, and we therefore describe the organ in which Giselher Wirsing's interpretation of the war danger in Europe appears as 'independent conservative.' However, as long as the Nationalists are allowed to share power with the Nazis and direct German foreign policy, the point of view of *Die Tat* may be regarded as almost semiofficial. Herr Wirsing concentrates his attention, as most German conservatives except Bismarck have done, on the Balkans and gives an exhaustive description of the rivalries at work there. Although we could have wished for more material on Poland, we commend the article as an able exposition of the German point of view and an important contribution to an understanding of contemporary Europe.

WITH the nineteenth-century bourgeois Liberal being supplanted by the twentieth-century middle-class Fascist, we turn to England as the last stronghold of the previous order. Jean-Jacques Bernard, a French visitor to London, praises that city and its people as only a Latin can, and we follow him up with a disillusioned spokesman of the very type that he so much admires. Writing in Middleton Murry's *Adelphi*, which has heeded the Communist summons, 'Intellectuals of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your brains!' Comrade Duff castigates the class to which he belongs with all the fury of intimate knowledge.

PIERRE DOMINIQUE, one of three contributing editors to a new review entitled *Pamphlet* which sets forth the point of view of Joseph Caillaux, writes a story the scene of which is laid in the future. He depicts Paris after gas warfare and a series of revolutions have completely disrupted its life and follows the adven-

(*Continued on page 281*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

May, 1933 *Volume 344, Number 4400*

The World Over

THE FORM of Fascism that Hitler's counter-revolution brought forth in late March and early April is new in kind as well as in degree. Since the War many countries have discarded democracy in order to retain the institution of private property and to prevent the outright socialization of wealth to which democracy was leading—the entire procedure being roughly defined as Fascism. Italian Fascism ejected Italian liberalism in order to check the growth of communism. German Fascism attacked with equal fury the 'Marxism' of the Social Democrats and of the Communists. And for a week or two the German Fascists were as successful as their Italian models in accomplishing their original purpose. Thus we find the Berlin correspondent of the London *Statist* writing on March 14, nine days after the election:—

> Since the new National Government was confirmed by the electorate, business, and sound business, on the Boerses has poured in with daily expansion. The Boerse sees in the National Government a governing body favorable to capital, the public is investing extensively, and much standstill money is being applied to the purchase of shares, mainly of industrial companies. The home public is buying mainly shares in companies that are expected to benefit through the accomplishment of the work-providing programmes. The action of the holders of standstill money is considered to be all the more gratifying in that it may be taken as being a manifestation of the conviction among foreign financiers and capitalists that stable political conditions in Germany are identical with a restoration of the German economy.

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And on the same day we find the London *Economist's* Berlin representative attributing the improvement of the stock market to the same causes:—

> The principal explanation of the rise is the enthusiasm with which a large number of electors are greeting the election results as the opening of a new and better era.

In short, for about a fortnight German Fascism was proving entirely satisfactory to the industrialists and bankers who had financed it.

But the condition of Germany and the composition of the National Socialist Party prevented the Fascist remedy from producing the anticipated cure. As the chief victim of the War and the most highly industrialized nation in Europe, Germany has been doubly exposed to the ravages of the world crisis. Unlike England, she has no colonial lands to populate or exploit; unlike France, she lacks enough good soil to develop even the rudiments of a self-sufficient economy. Intense rationalization was therefore the only way out and this led—as we in the United States know that it must lead—to the displacement of men by machines and to the growth of a white-collar proletariat. It is this proletariat—especially in the younger generation—that formed the nucleus of the Hitler movement and finally provided the rank and file of the largest party in Germany. Furthermore, on March 5 two million industrial workers who had previously voted Communist or Socialist and almost as many peasants who had previously supported other parties hopped aboard the Hitler bandwagon and gave the National Socialists more votes than the Communists and Socialists put together.

WE POINTED out last month that the first result of the Nazi victory would be the defeat of the East Prussian landowners who voted for Hugenberg's Nationalists at the hands of the Rhineland industrialists who had been financing the Nazis. Not only have the Nationalists been routed—Foreign Minister Von Neurath tried to resign from the Cabinet in despair—but even the financial and industrial magnates are being swept away by the movement that they once supported. Captain Göring, Hitler's right-hand man, has been described by the *Week-end Review* of London as 'a morphine addict.' The *Berliner Tageblatt*, the local equivalent of the *New York Times*, was suppressed along with the *Deutsche Volkswirt*, the local equivalent of the *Wall Street Journal*. Our leading article describes the fate of moderate Socialists and pacifists—not to mention Communists—and the American press has certainly not ignored the tribulations of the Jews, who form less than 1 per cent of the population and who have suffered as much as the advocates of more insidious creeds than chain-store merchandising. A

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dispatch to the London *Economist* is interesting in this connection for the light it throws on the economic basis of German anti-Semitism:—

> The measures taken against the chain stores have their origin in the class characteristics of the National Socialist movement. In the towns, National Socialism is still mainly a lower-middle-class movement. This section of society has for some time felt itself extraordinarily oppressed. The small shopkeeper in Germany to a large extent lost his capital through inflation and his existence is therefore precarious. His position has been rendered considerably worse by the fact that unemployment has forced many people who were formerly employees to try to support themselves by trade and thereby seriously to increase competition among small shopkeepers. At the same time the sphere of activity of independent shopkeepers has narrowed as the chain stores, and more recently the one-price stores, have increased their turnover.

The Jews, being incomparably superior at business to most Germans, own many of these stores which have ruined the petty shopkeepers of Teutonic extraction.

THE TERROR that destroyed so much of the confidence that Hitler's triumph at first created cannot, of course, continue indefinitely. Nor can Hitler's own arrogance. That experienced student of revolutions, Leon Trotski, has lately written in this connection:—

> The workers are united by the process of production. The productive forces of the nation are strongly concentrated in their hands. Hitler's struggle for control is only beginning. His main difficulties are before him. The crisis of trade and industry is changing the relationship of forces not in Hitler's favor but in favor of the proletariat.

In the international field Trotski anticipates war against the Soviet Union but no trouble with France:—

> He [Hitler] has too long and sanguinary a war to fight out inside Germany to think seriously of war against France. On the other hand, he will try with all his strength to prove to France and the other capitalist states the necessity of their supporting him in his providential mission of fighting against Bolshevism. Allowing for all diversion, the foreign policy of Fascist Germany is essentially directed against the Soviet Union.

Trotski contemptuously refers to the Fascists as 'human dust.' Perhaps he is right, but there is so much dust of that kind in the world just now that it may create a novel revolutionary procedure. That the growing army of white-collar proletarians can indefinitely suppress the agricultural and industrial workers is hardly conceivable—even with mechanized agriculture added to mechanized industry the laboring classes will remain too numerous, too necessary, too skilled, and too intelligent to be reduced to permanent slavery by the kind of white-collar bureaucracy that Hitler is organizing in Germany. But the in-

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tensely class-conscious white-collar workers cannot be ignored either, now that they have attracted to themselves the largest mass movement in Germany. To quote Trotski again, this time from the introduction to the second volume of his *History of the Russian Revolution:* 'In a revolution we look first of all for the direct interference of the masses in the destinies of society.' The German masses have just interfered in the destinies of German society in precisely that way. Their goal is obscure, but whatever it may be it does not inspire with confidence the men who once financed German Fascism, anticipating that it would run true to form and safeguard their private property. The Terror is probably a brief outburst of mass passion that can be checked if it does not subside of its own accord. But a class has emerged of unsuspected power, solidarity, and self-sufficiency, a class that will play an important, perhaps a dominating, part in this period of revolutionary change.

ANYONE who is at all impressed by Xavier de Hauteclocque's argument that the British Intelligence Service would have been glad to see Prince Léon Radziwill and Alfred Loewenstein put out of the way will follow the relations between England, Russia, and the United States with fresh understanding. The British Intelligence Service may not be quite as ruthless and powerful as M. de Hauteclocque would have us believe, but his analysis of its motives is realistic and can be applied with important results to the present British attitude toward Russia and the United States. As the ruler of India and the chief exporter to the markets of both India and China, England has always been in conflict with Russia, regardless of the form of government in either country. Kipling stigmatized the 'Bear That Walks Like a Man,' and to-day Winston Churchill attacks the Bolsheviks still more bitterly and with still more reason. For Russian Communism is a more serious threat to England's Indian and Chinese markets than Russian imperialism ever was, because the Communists have succeeded in winning over several districts inside China as well as Outer Mongolia, whereas the Tsars were so weak that one of them was driven out of Manchuria by Japan. British and Russian spheres of influence conflict in Afghanistan, Persia, and Tibet. Between them the two countries control most of the world's untapped oil reserves. Any strengthening of Russia therefore damages England in several vital spots and American recognition of the Soviet Union would automatically constitute a defeat of the first order for British diplomacy since recognition would put Russia in normal relationships with the one country capable of supplying her with the long-term credits and industrial equipment that she needs. The British Empire does not, of course, stand or fall with American recognition of Russia and it is an open question how much significance American recognition might have.

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But the interests of England and Russia clash in so many important respects that English statesmanship would be guilty of gross incompetence if it did not try to prevent any country—even the United States—from strengthening the Soviet Union.

THIS does not mean, of course, that England would jeopardize American friendship for the sake of inflicting a defeat on Russia—nor does it mean that the British Intelligence Service is now engaged upon any such nefarious activities as are implied in M. de Hauteclocque's article. But the trial of the British engineers in Moscow, which is just beginning as we go to press, may be more than a coincidence. Russia's domestic troubles, of course, explain the publicity that the trial is receiving: there can be no doubt that it is being used to distract the Russian people from their distress and to blame that distress on the foreigner. In like manner, there can be no doubt that the British protests against the arrests and the trial were designed in part to discourage American recognition. Between these two basic assumptions lies the whole field that M. de Hauteclocque explores. Anyone who accepts his version of the British Intelligence Service may also assume that its agents have tried to sabotage Russian industry, but, if that is not the case, then it is all the more likely that England will exploit the incident in such a way as to discourage American recognition. In any event, a major diplomatic incident is still in the process of development.

J. M. KEYNES contributed four articles to the London *Times* and promptly had them reprinted by Macmillan as a pamphlet, with an extra chapter, entitled *The Means to Prosperity*, which advocates a combination of 'adjustment down' or deflation and 'adjustment up' or inflation. Over a wide range of potential activities costs exceed prices and this disparity can be removed either by cutting costs or by raising prices. But costs have already been cut while fixed charges have remained inviolate, with the result that purchasing power in the form of wages has been reduced while at the same time certain operating charges have remained constant. President Roosevelt has already committed himself to one of Mr. Keynes's two recommendations in embarking on an expansion of public works. According to Mr. Keynes, this will not involve a restriction of private investment, as it would at the height of a boom, for the simple reason that public investment is at a standstill. He suggests that the record savings accounts that are now lying almost idle in the banks might be tempted out and invested in projects financed by the government—which is just what the new Administration seems likely to do with its baby bonds offered for public sale. The second part of the Keynes plan—a world monetary scheme of controlled inflation—

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may also become part of the Roosevelt programme at the international conferences in Washington. The gist of the scheme is described by Sir Arthur Salter as follows:—

> He proposes that the different countries should establish an institution for the issue of notes, to a total value of five billion dollars, which they would all accept as the equivalent of gold. These notes would be distributed on loan among them and used to relieve budget deficits and taxation; to facilitate public work; to ease the strain on the gold reserves of countries trying to keep their currencies on gold by means of exchange restrictions (now the worst of all impediments to foreign trade) so that these restrictions could be removed. The effect would be to give a powerful impetus to a general rise in the level of world prices. When these had risen to a predetermined level, somewhere between the present one and that of 1928, the loans would be repaid and the notes canceled.

G. E. R. GEDYE, special correspondent for several American and English newspapers in Central Europe, quotes 'a disgusted Englishman from Budapest' as saying, 'We shall have no peace in Europe until Yugoslavia is divided up, and Benes is in hell.' This analysis sums up in a few words Giselher Wirsing's 'War over Europe,' which, in turn, describes the war danger in Europe as a minority of intelligent and articulate National Socialists see it. According to this analysis, Mussolini has become the determining factor in European diplomacy by reason of his hostility to Yugoslavia, now the most unstable state in Europe. The guns that were being smuggled from Italy to Hungary via Austria in the recent Hirtenberg affair were supposedly destined for the use of Croatian insurrectionists whom the Hungarians are said to be training. If Croatia should secede from Yugoslavia it would become a virtual Italian protectorate like Albania. The Little Entente would be crippled or even destroyed and Rumania might be brought into the Italian sphere of influence.

For our part, we have always been inclined to take these manœuvrings of the Duce less seriously than certain Germans do, and even Herr Wirsing admits that Italy is unalterably opposed to the Austro-German *Anschluss*. Whereas the Italians wish to destroy the Little Entente in order to extend their influence along the Dalmatian coast, the Germans wish to destroy it in order to clear the way for the *Anschluss* with Austria. And it is here that Beneš comes into the picture. He is the most determined supporter in Europe of the Versailles system, of which Austria is the keystone. Austria suffered more from the partition of the Habsburg Empire than any other country and is therefore more determined than any other country to have the peace treaties revised. Union with Germany is the obvious solution now that Hitler has come into power and is working in that direction. As the *New Statesman and Nation* remarks: 'Much depends on whether Fascism spreads throughout

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Central Europe; therefore the situation in Austria to-day is the key to the European crisis.'

WHILE the Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* was distinguishing himself from other foreign journalists in Germany by not confining his descriptions of atrocities to Jewish victims, a Russian correspondent of the same paper sent home a series of articles on Russia similar to those that have been appearing in the newspapers that have condoned or minimized the German Terror. After visiting the northern Caucasus, the Ukraine, and the middle and lower Volga districts, he reports that the civilian population in all these districts is starving:—

> I mean starving in its absolute sense; not undernourished as, for instance, most Oriental peasants and some unemployed workers in Europe are undernourished, but having had for weeks next to nothing to eat.

Here is the way he describes the Russian situation in general:—

> How is it that so many obvious and fundamental facts about Russia are not noticed even by serious and intelligent visitors? Take, for instance, the most obvious and fundamental fact of all. There is not 5 per cent of the population whose standard of life is equal to, or nearly equal to, that of the unemployed in England who are on the lowest scale of relief. I make this statement advisedly, having checked it on a basis of the family budgets in Mr. Fenner Brockway's recent book, *Hungry England*, which certainly do not err on the side of being too optimistic.

Many parts of Russia never did enjoy a standard of living comparable to that of England, but there are rich farming districts where the peasants assert that they are worse off than they were before the Revolution. The distress, which is certainly acute, is blamed chiefly on Stalin:—

> The dictatorship of the proletariat has come to mean the dictatorship of the Communist Party; and the dictatorship of the Communist Party has come to mean the dictatorship of the Politbureau; and the dictatorship of the Politbureau has come to mean the dictatorship of Stalin; and the dictatorship of Stalin has come to mean the dictatorship of the general idea with which he is obsessed. If the general idea is fulfilled it can only be by bringing into existence a slave state.

Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, sums up the Russian agricultural crisis as follows:—

> The issue is no longer one of collective or individual farming. The peasant is ready to accept both or either, depending on which yields a better economic return. The struggle is for something much more primitive. It revolves about who shall own the harvest, who shall possess the product of the peasant's toil—the peasant himself or the state? On the solution of that problem depends the

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destiny of the Russian Revolution, for ownership of the sources of life obviously means political power.

WHILE Nazi storm troopers were murdering, beating, and arresting German Communists, the Reichsbank and the Dresdner Bank, which is controlled by the German Government, were extending emergency credits to Russia amounting to 200 million marks. Leopold Schwarzschild, editor of the *Tage-Buch*, states that German enterprises are owed 700 million marks this year by Russia and that 500 millions of this indebtedness falls due during the first six months of the year. Pointing to the exceptionally rapid fall in the prices of those raw materials that Russia happens to export, the Soviet Commercial Delegation in Germany informed the German banks that Russia could not find enough foreign exchange to pay what it owed. Because Germany sells more goods to Russia than England, France, and the United States put together, it could not allow such a good customer to default, even though Russian foreign policy is turning away from Germany and toward France. Had the German banks failed to extend the 200 million marks of emergency credit, German concerns would have lost eventually all their Russian business, amounting to about a billion marks a year. This business would be welcome elsewhere, for Russia's domestic gold production is increasing and is now estimated by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* at 170 million marks a year. The Germans believe that 1933 will be Russia's most difficult year and that the accommodation just provided will return like bread cast upon the waters.

TWO MONTHS AGO we translated some excerpts from a discussion held in Tokyo early this year on the question of war between Russia and Japan. The speakers, most of whom belonged to the military clique that is now ruling Japan, did not share the widespread conviction that a second Russo-Japanese war is unavoidable. Perhaps their intention was to conjure up the spectre of a united Orient confronting a bewildered Occident, but it is also possible that they wished to lull Russian suspicions. The latter assumption seems the more likely in the light of subsequent events. The *China Weekly Review's* correspondent in Changchun describes a conversation he had with 'a thoughtful Soviet man, holding a certain executive position,' who believes that Russia could not throw the weight of the entire Red Army against Japan in the near future and that in two or three years Japan will be in a much better position to attack than she is now, with Manchuria still unruly. The *Review's* correspondent points out that Japan and Manchuria are being welded into an economic bloc and that strategic railways are being built with a view to operations against Russia. Meanwhile his 'Soviet man'

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assures him that the Trans-Siberian cannot compete against the Japanese railway system for years to come.

In Geneva, too, Japanese hostility to Russia has been revealed. A pamphlet issued by the Japanese Delegation to the Disarmament Conference and privately circulated contains a foreword by Matsuoka which includes the following passage:—

> With regard to the U. S. S. R. there are two trends of thought in Japan at the present moment. One is that that country is a menace to Japan because of efforts to spread Sovietism over the Far East and because of the military development within the Soviet Union. Those Japanese who are anxious over this combined development and propaganda think that our country should strike at the U. S. S. R. before the potential menace fully materializes. The other opinion is that the conflicting issues between the two countries can be peacefully settled by means of diplomacy. The writer shares this latter view.

The *Manchester Guardian's* Geneva correspondent then remarks:—

> It is notorious that the trend of thought in favor of preventive war with Russia to which Mr. Matsuoka refers is that of the military party, which is now in absolute control of Japan, whereas the opinion that the issues between the two countries can be settled peacefully by means of diplomacy is that held by Mr. Matsuoka himself and other relatively moderate Japanese who have completely lost influence.

THE DEPRECIATION of the Japanese yen to half its normal value has produced two important results. It has enabled Japan to withstand the Chinese boycott and to ruin other foreign exporters. China has always been Japan's best customer, 20 per cent of China's imports having come from Japan in 1931 and 14 per cent in 1932. Furthermore, Japan's share of the Chinese market is likely to rise as a result of the increasing impoverishment of the Chinese people, who can no longer afford to boycott Japanese goods. A Chinese tariff is of course possible, but it would be likely to lead either to military reprisals by Japan or to greater suffering in China. The recent suspension of the Green Island Cement Company, an English concern, is an indication of how other foreign nations have been affected by Japanese dumping. The Soviet trade organization in Shanghai has also discovered that even Russian prices for cement cannot compete against Japanese. In coal, textiles, silk goods, and shipping Japan is able to underbid any other nation and has therefore learned that economic warfare can sometimes be more effective than military. Any attempt to stabilize the international monetary level along the lines suggested by Mr. Keynes and described in another editorial paragraph would not, therefore, be likely to command Japanese adherence.

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The impeccable authority of the *Manchester Guardian* stands behind this gruesome description of what Fascism means to Germany and to the world.

The TERROR *in* Germany

By A BERLIN CORRESPONDENT

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

THERE is a widespread belief that Germany has been through a period in which some deplorable but nevertheless natural excesses have been committed—natural in so far as revolutions are habitually accompanied by a certain effervescence that usually leads to disorder and mob violence. Indeed, among the supporters of the Hitlerite régime there is a certain pride—pride because the 'revolution' was carried out with so little bloodshed; and the phrase, 'unbloodiest revolution in history,' has become a favorite catchword.

The Hitlerite victory is not a revolution but a counter-revolution. There have been both revolutions and counter-revolutions less bloody, and, as for the belief that the violence of the last few weeks has been of the kind natural in a period of excitement, it is necessary to state categorically that this belief is wholly erroneous. To hold it is wholly to misconceive the character of the Hitlerite counter-revolution.

The German Government, and more particularly Captain Göring, who, no less than Hitler himself, is the dictator of Germany, by admitting a few and denying the many excesses (while designating the few as perfectly natural, indeed excusable, as Captain Göring did in his speech at Stettin on March 17) attempt not only to conceal by far the greater and by far the more terrible part of the truth, but also to make themselves and their so-called 'revolution' appear unique and resplendent by reason of the kindness and the magnanimity of its leaders and the prodigious decency and self-discipline of their followers. Thus they convert a thing of shame into an object of self-congratulation and boastful pride.

This they are able to do all the

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more easily because they have the power—there is no press in Germany, and no news that is not all obsequiousness to the will of the dictatorship can be told; no truth can be told by the defeated opposition, and no falsehood told by the Government can be publicly denied.

This opportunity for spreading untruth and suppressing truth is exploited to the utmost, and with such success that even in Berlin, the scene of countless horrible outrages, there are many persons who will assert with entire good faith that nothing unusual has happened, because they are allowed to see and hear nothing. The untrue assumptions or the downright falsehoods spread by the Government or by its newspapers—for example, that the Communists set fire to the Reichstag (Hitler has in a public speech demanded the public execution of the alleged culprit before he has been tried); that there was a plot to murder Hitler; that the Socialists have asked the French to occupy the Rhineland—all serve the purpose of the Government in so far as they make any excesses committed by its Brown Shirts seem excusable, any repressive action carried out by itself necessary, indeed laudable, while the prostrate opposition is made to appear hateful and contemptible in the eyes of the world.

It is as though Cain, not satisfied with murdering Abel, had blackened his reputation to make his own appear white by comparison, and had forged documents to prove that Abel was really the aggressor, that Cain was compelled to act in sheer self-defense, and that in doing so he had rid mankind of a monster.

The Hitlerite movement has grown up on manufactured legends—on the legend of the blood-sucking Jew, of the fraudulent, champagne-drinking Marxists, and so on—and is compelled to perpetuate these legends and all their logical consequences. It is the familiar experience of the falsehood that dictates other falsehoods, but these legends cannot be perpetuated in the face of evident truth except by force.

The deeds of violence committed in the first period of the dictatorship were not desultory, they were not mob rule, they were systematic and purposeful. The opposition (collectively and individually) must not merely be defeated according to normal constitutional procedure; it must be broken up, demoralized, and intimidated by physical force—this, and this alone, is the true policy of the dictatorship toward the opposition.

The methods used will be familiar to all acquainted with the history of German reaction ever since the year 1918. They were used in the Ruhr in 1920. They have not changed except in so far as they have been elaborated. They consist essentially in beating as many of the opposition as can be caught, the beatings often taking the most inhuman form. They inflict extreme physical agony and sometimes death, and cause widespread fear—they are meant to cause fear, and to serve as an example and a warning. This, indeed, is their chief purpose, and a whole population can be kept in a state of dread by a dozen such exemplary beatings. The Polish 'pacification of the Ukraine' is a well-known instance of this method—the Brown Terror of the last few weeks is nothing less than the Hitlerite 'pacification' of Republican Germany.

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These beatings—often accompanied by murder—are not disorders that are being called off or suppressed by the dictatorship in an effort to restore order. They are themselves the instruments of the very order the dictatorship is establishing. They only cease when their purpose is accomplished—that is to say, when the opposition is utterly broken and demoralized. But as the opposition may show signs of recovery at any moment, the Terror must remain in existence. Thus the beatings and the murders will recommence (they have not ceased altogether even yet) the moment the opposition begins to stir, or seems to stir, until the Terror can be legalized.

Germany is now in the period of transition between the nonlegal Terror (that is to say, the beatings and the nonjudicial murders) and the legal Terror (that is to say, imprisonment or death under laws specially enacted so that the opposition may be kept in a permanent state of fear and demoralization). The nonlegal and the legal Terror are both organic parts of one permanent terroristic system, the nonlegal being a kind of extemporized preliminary to the more ordered legal Terror, which, although even the more unmerciful of the two, is at least as effective and does not appear so barbaric in the eyes of the world.

Of the nonlegal Terror many instances have been published, though not always with complete accuracy of detail, for the German authorities do all in their power to suppress or distort the truth.

The extent of the whole truth can not be estimated. There is nothing but fragmentary news from the country generally, and even in Berlin only a fraction of the atrocities committed by the Brown Shirts can be definitely established. But even that little leaves no doubt at all that the Brown Terror is, both for the number of the victims and for the inhumanity of the methods used, one of the most frightful atrocities of modern times, and in no way comparable with the Red Terror of revolutionary Russia or France, because it is not an instrument used under the compulsion of a life and death struggle.

The alternative to those two Red Terrors was a White Terror; but to the Brown Terror (which is a variety of the White) there was no alternative Terror, for at no time were the Nazis oppressed or in danger of being oppressed by their opponents when the latter were in power as the Nazis are oppressing their opponents now that these are prostrate.

II

Three instances of the Brown Terror at work must suffice to characterize it in its first, nonlegal period. All three are comparatively mild, but they have been selected because the victims are not so injured or terrified as to be unable to make a full, plain statement (the names and other particulars are in the possession of your correspondent, but are omitted here, as they would otherwise lead to further victimization).

A number of Brown Shirts arrested a Socialist, Herr ——, early one morning in his own home. He was taken to a 'Brown House' (as Nazi headquarters are called) near by. He was ordered to stand facing a wall with his hands clasped over his head. He was then beaten with riding whips, most of the blows descending on his

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head and hands. He was then pinioned and taken before a court martial.

On either side of the 'judge' there was a Brown Shirt armed with a pistol. The victim was then cross-examined as to his party, its leaders, where documents could be found, and so on. Whenever his replies were considered unsatisfactory he was beaten. He was told that he had once kicked a Brown Shirt downstairs. When he denied this he was again beaten.

He was then taken to another room where a number of fellow prisoners were waiting. They had all been beaten, and their faces and heads were bleeding. The faces of some had been beaten almost to a raw pulp. One of them had a smashed eye and another was lying on the floor so injured that he could not rise. A doctor was present administering first aid. He bandaged Herr ——'s finger, which had been broken by a blow.

Herr —— was then taken before the 'court martial' a second time and told that there was nothing against him and that he could go home, though he would be watched, and must never do anything against the new state.

Another Socialist, Herr ——, was arrested in the street by Brown Shirts, ordered into a side-car, a Brown Shirt with a revolver being on the pillion, and taken to the Brown House in the Hedemannstrasse (the most notorious of the Brown Houses in Berlin—innumerable persons have been beaten and tortured there).

He was taken to a room littered with straw. Two other prisoners were there. One of them, apparently a Bulgarian, had been so injured that his condition was critical. Herr —— was then made to go through some military drill (standing to attention, lying down, getting up, and so on). He was then beaten with a rubber truncheon wound round with wire. He was made to repair the torn uniform of a Brown Shirt and again beaten.

He was taken into another room and questioned. A slip of paper found in his pocket with the names of fellow Socialists on it roused great interest. He was asked for the addresses, but when he said he did not know them he was cuffed and punched. A Brown Shirt then struck him across the head with the butt end of a revolver. The blow dazed him and blood began to flow from his mouth and nose. He was then taken to a bathroom and told to have a wash. He was then allowed to go. He says that the after-effects of the beating were more painful than the beating itself.

A young workman, a Socialist and a member of the *Reichsbanner*, was arrested by four Nazis (three of them wore the brown uniform). They all had revolvers. He was taken to a room in a public house near by. When about twenty prisoners had been brought in they were all ordered to go through their military drill and then marched out doing the goose step. They were ordered into a motor-lorry (a policeman stood by and watched without interfering).

They were driven to the Hedemannstrasse and beaten with whips and rubber truncheons. They were then taken to another room, made to stand facing the wall, and beaten about the head, face, and eyes with whips, truncheons, and chair legs. Some of them fainted and fell to the ground, but were beaten until they got up again.

A Brown Shirt who seemed to be in

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charge said, 'That will do,' and the beatings stopped. They were then ordered to stand to attention and to sing the 'Horst Wessel' song (the Nazi hymn). As they did not know the words they were ordered to sing 'Deutschland Über Alles.'

Then drill began again. They were made to do the double-knee bend with hands stretched forward, slowly and repeatedly. With their bruised and bleeding heads and faces they looked a strange sight. The Socialist victim heard screams come from a neighboring room. His coat, shirt, collar, and pull-over were soaked with blood. He and his fellow prisoners were then told to wash and go home.

These three instances of the Brown Terror could be multiplied a thousandfold. The number of those killed by knife or bullet wounds, or beaten to death, seems to go into hundreds, and of those who have been injured into thousands, while many who have either been murdered or arrested are missing. The number of persons in prisons and concentration camps is variously estimated as between 20,000 and 80,000.

Your correspondent was able to establish one murder and one horrible assault in a certain street in one of Berlin's poorer districts. A workman was beaten by Brown Shirts and then stabbed—the dead body was left lying in the street, and in the same street there was another body, alive, but so beaten that the face was unrecognizable. (The Brown Shirts often smashed the faces of their victims by beating them with their flexible 'steel wands'—this is why so many of the victims have lost their sight.)

In the working-class quarters the inquirer will be told in almost every street that the Nazis murdered So-and-So living at Number So-and-So; they have beaten So-and-So living round the corner.

'You could not recognize him when they had finished. He is in an eye hospital now.'

Almost all workmen who were at all prominent in the local organizations of the Socialist or Communist parties, or were known in their district as keen politicians, are in danger of their lives. Many are in hiding. They cannot emigrate with their wives and families, having no money even to pay the fare, still less to live abroad. Their fate is more tragic than that of the well-known political leaders or of the Jewish doctors and Republican professors who have been victimized.

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Not that the British Intelligence Service was responsible for the deaths of Prince Léon Radziwill and Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian banker, but . . .

Radziwill *and* Loewenstein

By XAVIER DE HAUTECLOCQUE

Translated from *Le Crapouillot*
Paris Topical Monthly

PRINCE LÉON RADZIWILL and the banker, Alfred Loewenstein, did not seem to have a trait in common. Their personalities were not alike. The former was the prototype of the great aristocrat; the latter, the paragon of the Jewish speculator. Nor did their ways of life resemble each other. The former passed his time spending money; the latter, making it.

Even in death they were different. The Prince succumbed to the results of a poisonous injection made on him during the night of March 2, 1927, in a room in the Nouvel Hôtel in Monte Carlo. The dead body of the banker, on the other hand, which had 'fallen' from his private airplane into the open sea, was discovered on the 17th of July, 1928, its face eaten away by the crabs of the English Channel.

Nevertheless, I have good reason for bracketing the names of these two men in an essay devoted to mysterious deaths. The exhaustive investigation I conducted immediately after their mysterious disappearances forced me to this disturbing conclusion: Prince Léon Radziwill and the banker, Alfred Loewenstein, had the same enemies. They had attacked side by side the same omnipotent, pitiless oligarchy. Their end marked the triumph of that enormous Mafia. The present disorder of Europe is due largely to that triumph.

I shall not dodge the issue. What I said on the same subject some years ago in the press preceded an arrest and a sentence of guilty that were never referred to. In the light of the serious facts, documents, and presumptions that I am again going to review, perhaps we can judge whether the law has explained what happened.

Prince Léon Radziwill was born on September 6, 1880, at Saint-Cloud of an illustrious family. His father's an-

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cestors made the history of Poland. They were always among the most intrepid defenders of the kingdom of the white eagle. It might be said that by barring the road against Slavic frenzy and German brutality they contributed to the creation of modern Europe.

Here, no doubt, is the explanation for the interest their descendant showed for 'European solutions' of great economic and political problems. Do not smile. Vices are not the only things that are inherited. Prince Radziwill had all the dangerous qualities of his race—bravado, vanity, dilettanteism, hatred of compromise, disdain for blackguards of high or low estate. He lacked nothing to make his life a tragic romance.

After solid study, punctuated by extravagant pranks, he left Europe at the age of twenty-two for Mexico. The pampas of Nuevo León saw this handsome, Herculean cowboy galloping over them, escorted by the faithful Clément, a brave valet who followed him until his death twenty-five years later under terrible circumstances. Having sown his wild oats, the Prince returned to France, where the fatted calf was killed for him. He married and led a gaudy life on his Ermenonville estate, which he maintained in royal fashion thanks to the enormous fortune that he had inherited from his mother through the Blancs, who were the Crœsuses of Monte Carlo.

Then came the War. Others took ambush but this prince of the blood heroically hurled himself into the thick of the fray. As a member of the 200th Infantry he won, step by step, the epaulets of a major, the *Croix de Guerre*, and citations. But this was not enough. He recruited forty-thousand Polish volunteers, the first army of the martyred country, which owes its revival largely to him.

II

Do not get the idea that this man was an insatiable warrior. The post-war period came with all its follies, that bath of pleasure into which men plunged themselves after emerging from their bath of blood. It means something to be a Polish boyar. Prince Léon Radziwill occupied a conspicuous place in the great pleasure-loving world. But at bottom he remained a simple man, an infantry officer who had seen death level all men. When I investigated his assassination people of no importance spoke to me with emotion of this man who had been a millionaire three or four hundred times over, although he could no longer do anything more for them. He had also occupied himself with serious affairs.

Everybody who has had shells fired at him knows that the War did not run counter to the interests of the cannon merchants. It is a simple corollary that the cannon merchant gets his material from the steel manufacturer. Indeed, they are often one and the same person. It would be absurd to try to dissociate their interests.

But what one could do would be to take the control of the steel market away from the chief cannon merchants, in other words, from the big British trusts. And, if one were to succeed in unifying the chief Continental producers of a metal that either kills people or tills the soil, would n't the chances of a new European war be considerably reduced, since a new war could not then be fought except between the Continental powers, on the

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one hand, and what we euphemistically call the 'transatlantic and transpacific powers,' on the other?

I do not say that this plan seems practical nor do I say that it was Prince Radziwill's idea because, having never known him, I never enjoyed his confidence. But if the European steel manufacturers actually were to form such a federation no other consequences could follow. The directors of the British trusts were too well informed to have any doubts on the subject. A European steel cartel would attack their supremacy in its most vital operations. This economic monopoly represents the keystone of the arch of English power. It explains the extravagant influence that Sir Basil Zaharoff, the 'mystery man of Europe,' the great multimillionaire, the king of the enormous Vickers works, exercised at one time on the foreign affairs of the United Kingdom.

The European steel cartel existed only a few months. It included a group of French, Belgian, Luxembourg, and German metallurgists, among them Thyssen, who had then conquered Krupp. Prince Léon Radziwill had the brilliant idea of providing this cartel with a solid financial base independent of Anglo-Saxon high finance by assuring it of the assistance of the boldest and most powerful financier in Europe, the banker, Alfred Loewenstein. Sir Basil, the 'mystery man of Europe,' his clique of English Liberal politicians, and his bankers, the 'Big Five' of London, could not possibly have approved the rôle that was being played, consciously or otherwise, by Prince Léon Radziwill, ex-officer in the French infantry and ambitious crusader who had set out on new conquests.

I am not one of those who are scandalized by that happy principality where by losing money one can purchase the inestimable hope of winning money without effort. What if the prodigious fortunes gained at roulette evaporate on the baccara table? The guardians of this jingling flood of money are the directors of the S. B. M. (Société des Bains de Mer), which controls the gambling in the principality. In 1927 the real director of the S. B. M. was its chief stockholder, Prince Léon Radziwill, heir to the fortune built up by the founders of Monte Carlo. In theory, the Prince should not have had any opposition, since the next most important stockholder never attended the meetings of the board of directors and for good reason. Reliable information reveals that this 'invisible' stockholder was none other than the Vatican, although it is possible that since 1927 the Holy See has sold its stock as a form of expiation.

The Prince, however, constantly encountered the concealed or open opposition of two members of the board, one of whom had excellent reason to dislike the nobleman who had overwhelmed him with kindness. The other recalcitrant director was named Basil Zaharoff. You already know the motives of his ill will. He made the sessions stormy. Finally, Prince Radziwill took advantage of his rights to force Sir Basil not to interfere in the affairs of a corporation in which he actually held very few shares. Sir Basil resigned provisionally. (He is now terminating a long, laborious life in the gentle peace of Monte Carlo, where he is *persona grata*.) This happened in 1927—the year when the Prince died of a poisonous injection.

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III

Novels have been written about Alfred Loewenstein that are not as good as a simple biography, and biographies that are not as good as a novel. Finally, this extraordinary man has been forgotten, this Victor Hugo of speculation who tried to bring romanticism to a form of art that is really classic. Here is his *curriculum vitæ*. The mere enumeration of dates and facts will trace the path that this meteor pursued across the black sky of international finance.

He was born in Brussels in 1877. His father, a German Jew who became a Belgian citizen, engaged in stock-broking, which is much less important in Belgium than in our own country. The young man did well in his studies at the Institut Saint-Louis while his father was doing badly in business, finally dying and leaving nothing but debts.

In 1896, at the age of nineteen, Alfred Loewenstein entered the Brussels Stock Exchange without a cent of money. In 1897 he had already made a little, paid back his father's debts, and founded the house of Stellaerts and Loewenstein, the first enterprise in the world that planned to exploit the production and distribution of electricity on a large scale. Here was a modern edition of the story of the poor young man. The fairy, electricity, appeared to him. He divined what nobody else foresaw—the profits that would accrue to anyone who commercialized electric lighting. Wealth at once flowed in his direction.

In 1905 he made a new windfall. Loewenstein met old T. S. Pearson, who was interested in turbines and had installed hydraulic plants in America. This man whom water had enriched water also killed, for he was drowned in 1915 on board the *Lusitania*. Loewenstein at once understood the immense extra profits to be gained from an alliance between electricity and water. The hydro-electric industry owes its beginnings to him. Big business followed. He illuminated Rio de Janeiro. He made trams run in Brazil. He sold São Paulo stocks on the Paris Stock Exchange. Everyone was afraid of them but they became worth a fortune.

In 1908 he married for love and was converted to Catholicism. He installed himself at 61 avenue Louise in Brussels, where he soon made himself felt in world finance. Money was overflowing his coffers. Then came the War. Loewenstein served as a noncommissioned officer in the cavalry squadron of the Brussels civic guard, an aristocratic corps. His capacities and contacts were naturally made use of and he rendered service in organizing a Belgian information office in London under the command of General Buys.

Then came a theatrical stroke. His Belgian leaders decided to send him on a special mission to Rotterdam. Did he ever go there? I have not been able to discover. But in any case he reappeared as a captain in the English army charged with buying cannons for Portugal in behalf of his British Majesty. Here was the beginning of the drama that ended with the death of Alfred Loewenstein.

It seems that these purchases of cannon were merely a façade and that the Belgian banker, the former noncommissioned officer in the Brussels civic guard, had entered, thanks to his genius for financial combinations, into the strictly guarded domain of

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the British Intelligence Service. He emerged from the War an English captain, returned to Brussels, and threw himself into a succession of prodigious speculations. No world markets held any secrets from him. As Moses made water flow from the rocks with his rod, so he made gold flow from the arid pocketbooks of bondholders with the assistance of simple but striking ideas.

His first idea was that of the holding company. Industries do business by producing and selling, but they also furnish each other with material. This means that they lose certain profits that go to the industry of production instead of to the industry of transformation. To get rich one merely needs to trace this current to its source, to make trusts of enterprises that have no apparent connections but that block the world-wide circulation of money. The important thing is to select all the essential industries, those that work at full capacity and that would acquire vital importance in the event of a new war. These industries are hydro-electricity, which includes water power, coal, and oil, and artificial silk made of cellulose, from which all explosives are derived.

Between 1922 and 1926 Alfred Loewenstein promoted the International Holding, a combine of artificial-silk and chemical products that was capitalized at forty-two million dollars. At the same time he created the Hydro-Electric Securities Corporation, a group that combined the shares of corporations exploiting water power in Belgium, Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. Note that England was excluded from the trusts. The assets of the Hydro-Electric Securities Corporation amounted to fifty-four million dollars. The affairs of these two groups were supervised by a parent corporation, the Société Belgo-Canadienne, which also owned government bonds and held stock in railways all over the world.

In 1928, when Loewenstein disappeared, the nominal value of his enterprises amounted to $97,960,000 invested in the vital centres of our planet. This figure seems to me interesting because it marks a stage of capitalist development. It was the apogee of that false post-war doctrine which rested on the belief that the money of the financier commands production and that production imposes its own rhythm on consumption. This terrible mistake is responsible for uncontrolled finance and intensive mechanization. It romanticizes factories and money and ignores human material.

One can reach the zenith only by climbing over the heads of one's competitors and creating fierce enemies, and Loewenstein's enemies were of two kinds. There were those who competed with him on the world market, and those whom he hoped to assimilate under the pretext of aiding them financially. They can be classified in two groups as follows. First, there was a Belgian, German, and Swiss group combining mastodons of banking and mammoths of electricity. Loewenstein's combine was trying to take the bread out of its mouth. Secondly, there was an English group, the famous industrial enterprise known as British Celanese. This formidable corporation was exploiting a new process to manufacture artificial silk. Its board of directors included an English general who was a high officer in the

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Intelligence Service, for it cannot be repeated too often that the manufacture of artificial-silk stockings is the peace-time counterpart of the production of explosives.

British Celanese, which was directed by two illustrious scholars, Henry and Camille Dreyfus-Clavell, found itself in grave pecuniary difficulties. Loewenstein offered them kindly financial aid. Was n't he an English captain? Did n't he possess some of those Olympian secrets that the Jupiter of the City confides only to those Ganymedes in whom he has confidence? The Dreyfus brothers, the general in the Intelligence Service, and a few other demigods on the banks of the Thames agreed to give Loewenstein privileged financial participation in British Celanese. Of course they believed that the secrets and the preponderance of their marvelous industry would be safe, but presently they began to have their doubts, for Loewenstein was also head of a Belgian-French artificial-silk corporation, Tubize.

A horrible battle began. Loewenstein died accidentally returning from a trip to London. The value of his business, which had already been attacked by the other hostile group, the Belgian-German-Swiss trio, declined fifty per cent once its leader vanished.

Through the steel cartel one man might have modified the whole strategic and political situation of the European countries. That man was Prince Léon Radziwill, known familiarly as 'Loche.' And it does not seem as if France would have lost out through his plans. Through his holding companies another man might have displaced the centre of gravity of certain industries that can prosper in Europe during peace or war. In advancing his colossal schemes he employed a power and confidence hitherto unknown on our continent. That man was Alfred Loewenstein. If his projects had succeeded France, which served as the axis of his operations, could not have failed to profit.

These two men met, sympathized with each other, and were undoubtedly ready to collaborate. I have proof before me in the form of several letters from one of which I extract this fragment:—

August 17, 1926

The steel agreement almost broken because of the Belgians. I tried to make up for this defeat in part on the 14th. New meeting fixed for the 17th of September. Last evening and this morning I saw the omnipotent Loewensteins of Belgium, who will perhaps make many things easier for my affair.

Prince Léon Radziwill died on March 2, 1927. Alfred Loewenstein died on July 3, 1928. Their projects fell in the sea like Loewenstein and were buried like Radziwill, and I should not be astonished if these dates were marked in blue pencil on the agenda of certain 'merchants of sudden death.' It remains for me to explain what has been discovered about these two 'accidents.'

IV

Prince Léon Radziwill passed the afternoon of March 1, 1927, walking through the streets of Nice and meeting people of his acquaintance. He returned to the Hotel Cecil to see two friends who were not there. He then went back to Monte Carlo, where he was staying in the Nouvel Hôtel, drank an *apéritif* at the bar of the Sporting, and supped in the Café de Paris with an officer friend. Do not be

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surprised at these precise details. I have followed the victim almost minute by minute. Leaving the table, the two friends went to the bar of the Hôtel de Paris, stayed for a little while, and returned to the Nouvel Hôtel, where each had a room. Prince Radziwill went to bed quietly and never woke up.

About half past three in the morning of March 2 someone emerged from the room where the initiator of the steel cartel and the grand master of Monte Carlo was resting. That someone walked so quickly that the attention of a night guard, a kind of private hotel police, was aroused. The guard at once jumped to the always plausible hypothesis that it was a burglar. He stopped the fleeing figure and questioned it. Here was the dialogue in substance.

'Where are you going?'

'I have just left Prince Radziwill. He has taken a dose of thyroidin by mistake. He feels sick.'

The guardian shoved the person in question into one of those little rooms that are used as detention chambers on every floor of the hotel. He went to Prince Radziwill and saw him lying 'motionless, one leg hanging out of the bed.' His thigh was swollen and blue. The private police returned to the chamber where he had shut up the bizarre 'somebody.' This character claimed such friends and protection that he let her go, merely giving her name to the management. No one budged until dawn. No one went for a doctor. No one told the police. No doubt the night guard had merely opened the door of that terrible room, that mortuary chamber, without any suspicion of the drama he was the first to discover.

On March 2, 1927, at half past eight in the morning the faithful Clément, the old valet de chambre who had once accompanied a handsome horseman over the pampas of Nuevo León, entered and vainly tried to awaken his master, who was already dead and cold.

After investigating many bypaths, I succeeded shortly after the murder in identifying the 'somebody' who was surprised in the middle of the night leaving the chamber where Prince Radziwill had just received a mortal injection. She was a blonde woman who was still seductive, although she had passed the springtime of beauty. I did not think it necessary to publish her name when, infuriated by the silence that had surrounded this death, I denounced the scandal in the press. And if I persist in not naming the murderer it is because I believe, accepting the hypothesis of a definite murder, that she was merely an agent who was manœuvred without, perhaps, being aware of it. Nevertheless, I feel it necessary to give the following information.

The blonde woman was not a novice. In 1921 the dead body of one of her lovers was found in her home with a bullet in his head. The law decreed that it was suicide. In 1923 she had changed her residence, and another dead body was found. This time the man had died from an overdose of stupefying drugs. The law concluded that he had been careless. The throat of an important character showed traces of razor wounds that he chose to describe as evidence of an overexpansive love affair. The law did not intervene. And among the curious documents that every journalist possesses I preserve confidences made me

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by a deputy from the west of France concerning this bizarre blonde woman, who had brought unhappiness to one of his friends.

To use a vulgar but descriptive phrase, Prince Radziwill was buried at full speed. There was no autopsy. However, Dr. Fiessinger, a medical authority whom I have interrogated on the subject of mortal injections (for the blonde woman carried away with her from the tragic chamber a syringe and bottles that were seized), did not think it possible to dismiss the hypothesis of murder.

Arrested when she arrived in France, whose pure air seemed preferable to the air of Monte Carlo, the blonde woman was released at the express intervention of an important politician. Some months after the articles that I published she was again arrested. She tried to commit suicide by cutting her wrists in Saint-Lazare. The court sentenced her to six months in prison for receiving and using toxic products. Then she disappeared. Peace to her dramatic shadow.

One little detail more. Some time after the death of Prince Radziwill someone told me that the woman whom I feel I have a right to call 'the Gorgon' was a member of the entourage of the King of Sweden, who was staying on the Côte d'Azur. The rôle of the Gorgon was supposedly to expel intriguers who might worm their way into the society of the King. I consider such functions quite legitimate, but I wonder on whose recommendations she was chosen for her task.

V

The circumstances surrounding Loewenstein's death will undoubtedly remain mysterious through eternity. He got into his airplane on Tuesday, July 3, at Croydon, England, at about six o'clock in the evening. It was a fine trimotor plane of 540 horse power and it carried, besides the banker, an English stenographer, Miss Clark; a French stenographer, Mlle. Paule Bidalon; a secretary, Mr. Hodgson; and 'valet No. 1,' the Englishman, Baxter. The pilot, Drews, was an ace at his profession, though I believe he was accidentally killed afterward. It is also worth noting that the valet, Baxter, died later under circumstances that have not been explained.

The airplane was supposed to fly to Le Bourget, but it landed at eight-thirty at Port Mardyk, near Dunkirk. All the passengers were present except Loewenstein, who had disappeared on the journey. You can imagine the excitement of everyone concerned. Witnesses declared that Loewenstein had gone to the water-closet of the airplane when it was five or six miles out from the English coast and had not returned. Was it a suicide? Had he fallen into the sea by accident? The investigation never revealed anything.

Two weeks later a French fishing boat found his body floating on the surface of the water. The lower part of his face was crushed and his abdomen was punctured. The eminent Dr. Paul, who conducted the autopsy, did not believe it possible to conclude that he had been assassinated. He thought that these wounds were the result of his fall and of his body's having been eaten by creatures of the sea.

The day after the autopsy, before its results were known, I met Loewenstein's brother-in-law, Monsieur C——, who had the difficult task of

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putting the gigantic affairs of the victim in order. From what he said to me I concluded that he did not believe in a suicide or accident theory. Certain documents that he said he would send to me in Paris never arrived. I think that he expressed his suspicions —and they were singularly serious because a murder charge was preferred—under the weight of a sorrow that is easy to understand. He later came around to the opinion of the medical experts.

The fact is that the mystery remains inviolate. We can only examine what led up to it, and that is what I believed was useful at the time. Here is the questionnaire that I wrote. The court did not deem it expedient to reveal the points that I had made. But never mind. I think it is necessary to publish this list of questions without changing a letter. Through this dry text you will be able to see, with the help of documents, that certain deaths under mysterious circumstances yield tremendous benefits to the enemies of the men who disappear.

'Did Alfred Loewenstein, shortly before his death, speak of threats that had been made against him? Did he show fear for his security?' I answer yes.

'Was Alfred Loewenstein threatening the vital interests of certain powers?' I answer yes.

'Did Alfred Loewenstein possess what can justly be called life and death secrets concerning certain organizations? Did he possess redoubtable weapons that could be turned against these organizations? Had n't he already been the object of criminal attempts to take these weapons from him?' I answer yes.

Now let us proceed to details and the elements of proof. On April 16, 1927, in the Madeleine in Brussels, Alfred Loewenstein addressed the general meeting of stockholders in the Société Belgo-Canadienne, one of those giant enterprises stuffed with funds and bristling with factories that the magician had created with his magic wand. The assets of the enterprise amounted to ninety-eight million dollars. These ninety-eight millions were about to attempt an assault on one of the fortresses of British industry—artificial silk represented by the British Celanese corporation directed by the engineer, Henry Dreyfus.

The English engineer and the Belgian financier hated each other with an undying hatred. In 1926 Alfred Loewenstein flew to London. He was going to challenge his rival to a duel, but Dreyfus disappeared. The duel, however, continued, more savage and implacable than ever, through stock exchange and banks, by crashes, booms, and dumpings. Here are Loewenstein's words: 'I am opposed to the absurd pretensions of British Celanese, and that is why I have been attacked so violently. They wanted to force my hand. I have refused to submit, although my friends have let me know that every method will be used to bring me around. I shall not let myself be intimidated. The International Holding [one of Loewenstein's businesses] saved British Celanese. By way of thanks the directors of this company have tried to destroy the Société de Tubize. They have tried to attack me in person.'

Loewenstein had announced that his catapult was about to break down the British citadel of Manchester. He possessed the advantage of position and something more than that. By an

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incredible stroke of audacity he had become coproprietor in his enemies' patents. He knew the jealously guarded secret of acetate.

Some days later Loewenstein left for England. He returned a dead man. The catapult was not put into action. Manchester and Celanese triumphed.

VI

On the 16th of July, 1928, Dreyfus met his friends in the Cannon Street Hotel in London. The assembly was presided over by Brigadier General Sir William Alexander. The English army is as interested as industry in everything pertaining to artificial silk, acetate, and cellulose, since cellulose makes explosives as well as silk stockings. Dr. Dreyfus said: 'I want to take the opportunity to satisfy everyone by my replies, except perhaps certain opponents—if there still are any now.'

The great, the only, opponent had died thirteen days before. While his enemy was exulting, the body of Loewenstein was nourishing crabs in the English Channel. 'I want to point out,' continued the doctor, 'that they ['they' being Loewenstein and his allies] made their fortune in the form of an English corporation, happily for them, unhappily for us. They, as a further sign of gratitude to England, where they made their fortune, transferred their activity abroad. Your board now plans to control production, since Celanese must replace all other silks. We shall make the company more important than any other. We have overcome the most savage competition that we have had to fight against.'

Such was the funeral oration for Alfred Loewenstein pronounced in Cannon Street, London, by one of his enemies. Loewenstein, according to this rival, had not shown gratitude for what he owed to England. Gratitude? What gratitude? Why? What benefits had he received? What relations had he established with the mysterious, supreme general staff that functions in Whitehall and Downing Street and whose centre of action was at Deans Yard, Westminster, in the office of Admiral Sir W. Reginald Hall, K. C. M. G., chief of the British secret service?

It will be understood why I express myself on this subject with extra prudence. At the beginning of the War, Alfred Loewenstein had been a member of the Marie-Henriette squadron of the cavalry troop of the civic guard, an aristocratic corps. The Belgian Government was not slow to understand that a man of such courage, character, and prodigious brain power could be infinitely useful. Made a captain in the Belgian army, Alfred Loewenstein was sent to London and attached to the mission of General Buys. He also collaborated with General Y——, head of the information service of his country.

What happened in 1915? Loewenstein, whose patriotism is above suspicion, left the Belgian army. He resigned. According to the statements of certain people who were familiar with his life, he did not believe himself able to discharge a delicate mission that he was to be entrusted with. Some days after his resignation he was made a captain in the English army.

Remember this. I believe that we can follow his passage to the Hague, where he worked with a Major O—— of the Intelligence Service and with

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Captain Fl—— of the Naval Intelligence, who had a considerable secret budget at his disposition—thirty thousand pounds a month. He frequented the Uranium, a strange political-commercial institution in Rotterdam that watches over northern Europe in behalf of England. Then we find him in Portugal, officially as negotiating a purchase of cannon. But it is not difficult to believe that this financial genius, this rude champion of our cause, was greatly interested in the banking enterprise that Germany was attempting to install on the Iberian peninsula. We may also believe that this man, who possessed such marvelous farsightedness, had retained from his passage through the most tightly sealed of English organizations some of its most formidable secrets and, unquestionably, written evidence.

VII

If he possessed this evidence, did someone try to take it away from him? Early last August in Brussels the revelation dawned upon me, stupefying and sudden. The man with whom I was eating supper in a restaurant near the Namur Gate mourned Alfred Loewenstein as the surest of protectors, the best of friends, a friend from youth, for this billionaire was both indulgent and paternal with humble folk. The man winced under my question as if I had struck him in the face. He turned very red and then very pale. 'Yes,' he said. 'That affair was terrible. You know part of it. Let me tell you the rest. A year and a half before it happened the Villa Bégonia that Loewenstein occupied in Biarritz was burglarized. It was a queer burglary. Do you know the place? It's a fairy palace. In the middle an immense hall. Around the hall galleries leading to the apartments. On the western side was the master's apartment; on the east his wife's. There was a maid's room and rooms for friends—the Duke de X——, the Marquis de Z——, the English Colonel R——, and his wife.

'Remember that Mme. Loewenstein used to keep a police dog, a real watch-dog, in her room at night. As luck would have it that night there was a gala dinner of fifty-eight people in the chateau. They were celebrating the end of the horse-race season in Biarritz. The dinner lasted late and the police dog, instead of sleeping against his mistress's door, spent the night with the valet. At six in the morning Loewenstein's masseur came to wake him up. In the middle of the antechamber he found his master's black coat on the floor torn to ribbons. Beside it were two empty boxes. He realized that a disaster had occurred and rushed in to M. Loewenstein shouting, "Monsieur, you have been robbed." Loewenstein did not hesitate. He did not ask any questions. He simply murmured with terror, "God grant they have not killed Madame."'

The man stopped. I remarked quietly, 'So Loewenstein expected that *they* would pay him a nocturnal visit?'

The man nodded his head. '*They* also entered Mme. Loewenstein's room that night. *They* went in to the wife of Colonel R——, who had two necklaces, a diamond one of enormous value and an excellent imitation. *They* took the real one. Those fellows knew more about jewels than diamond merchants do. They were also marvelously well informed, since they

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knew that the dog would not be in the room. *They* had keys to every door. There was not a sign of a lock broken.

'And these strange burglars, who had taken seventeen million francs' worth of jewels from Mme. Loewenstein, took the unnecessary and perilous trouble of entering the room of M. Loewenstein, whom they knew could defend himself. They risked a bullet in the head to turn his coat pockets inside out. What would they find in these pockets except papers?'

He did not answer his question, but I did in a low voice.

'Very interesting papers, surely, from which M. Loewenstein would never let himself be separated.'

Silence again.

'But who?'

And my friend continued, 'The guests and the servants, everyone who spent that night in the Villa Bégonia was above suspicion.'

Whereupon I drew the only possible conclusion. 'Then the author or authors of this deed were among the fifty-two persons who attended the banquet. He or they did not leave with the rest of the guests. He or they turned M. Loewenstein's pockets inside out. The jewels did not matter, perhaps, except as an alibi or a tip.'

Perhaps they found documents, the kind of papers that are equivalent to a death warrant when the man who holds them ceases to be in the confidence of their former owner. You may say that these are simple hypotheses. Well and good. But how thoroughly they explain the events. How they illuminate the mystery of certain disappearances.

'The empire of the world,' said Walter Rathenau, another victim, 'is in the hands of a few men.' And those who figure among the great men of this world often risk their lives attempting to interfere with the way this gigantic, miserable yo-yo of our planet is made to whirl. In taking you from the Villa Bégonia in Biarritz to the Nouvel Hôtel in Monte Carlo I had no other intention than to show how true this aphorism is. However illustrious, powerful, rich, and brave men may be, they come to grief when they touch the Holy of Holies. An injection, a fall from an airplane—then hypotheses. And finally the silence that only an obscure iconoclast breaks from time to time.

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Not since 1914 has Europe been so close to war. Here are the chief danger spots exposed in detail, with special reference to Italy, Yugoslavia, and Foreign Minister Beneš of Czechoslovakia.

War over EUROPE

By GISELHER WIRSING

Translated from *Die Tat*
Jena Independent Conservative Monthly

THE special situation Germany occupies in these opening months of the year 1933 is chiefly characterized by the fact that everybody is talking about the conspiracies that we are supposed to be hatching, whereas we are really so preoccupied with domestic tensions that our perspective is limited and we can hardly pay serious attention to such accusations. Of all the European nations Germany has developed the art of self-deception to the highest degree. We have let ourselves be satisfied for much too long a time with certain fixed formulæ in regard to foreign policy. We do not know whether the national and socialist enthusiasm that is animating the most valuable part of our nation to-day will align itself against the veiled international of so-called national capitalism. We do not know whether the new Germany's struggle for emergence will be hamstrung by a class war waged by the extreme reactionaries. But we know that the decision toward which we are now being driven is not confined to a single solitary island. Other nations are on the alert and are growing increasingly eager to influence our crucial struggle as it becomes increasingly intense. None of us knows what stage the modern version of the Thirty Years' War has reached.

What we do know is that the foreign powers have been able to make their influence most effective just now and that their influence will become more potent as the confusion in Germany increases. We must guard ourselves against the atmosphere of panic that has gripped France in recent weeks and that should be regarded as merely a nervous reaction to what has happened in Germany. If the last war

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were not so fresh in the memory of all nations the tense emotions that prevail in many parts of Europe would almost inevitably lead to another one. It would be futile to try to conceal the seriousness of this fact. The only thing that the foreigner cannot understand is why we Germans have not analyzed the real danger spots. Compare, for instance, the painstaking accuracy with which a leader who is as much wrapped up in French domestic politics as Herriot adapts the course of the French ship of state to the new developments in international politics from month to month. It is not so much a matter of routine as it is a matter of the discriminating point of view and the unified conception of foreign affairs that the central figure on the present political stage of France possesses.

The words 'war danger' were recently uttered in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber in connection with the alleged revelation by a radical deputy of the right of a secret German-Italian-Hungarian alliance. This revelation proved that even the French Chamber regards Italy rather than Germany as the real driving force. Old, familiar tensions have increased during the past three months. The old antagonism of the Czechoslovak foreign minister, Beneš, toward Hungary has reappeared, as well as his hostility toward Italy. The old Italian-Yugoslav rivalry in the Adriatic, and, finally, the old Franco-Italian misunderstanding have increased to the point of open hostility. Where is this increase of latent rivalry leading?

Political developments in Southeastern Europe significantly revolved about the Czechoslovak foreign minister during the second half of 1932. Viewed from abroad, Czechoslovakia seems to be the most solid member of the Little Entente. The economic crisis has not inflicted mortal wounds there. Rivalry between different racial groups has not reached the point of open conflict, as is the case in Yugoslavia. Nevertheless, the ruler of Prague remains the protector of the Holy Grail of the Versailles order in Central Europe.

II

Beneš is almost the only representative of the new nations who has succeeded in wielding personal influence in Paris and Geneva. It would certainly be a mistake to identify him with the Czechs and with Czechoslovakia. Dr. Beneš is an intermediary who is looking out for his own interests and who knows only too well that he would be the first man in his own country to fall if the 1919 order were changed in the slightest degree. He also knows that he is not very popular in Belgrade, Bucharest, Paris, or London in his rôle as an agent with numerous irons in the fire. He is received everywhere as a necessary evil, which explains why he took such pleasure in announcing his candidacy for the post of secretary general of the League of Nations last summer. This Dr. Beneš has become extraordinarily wise in the ways of the world. He is chief press agent for the Disarmament Conference. He is an arbitrator of the Anglo-Persian oil dispute. He is a big frog in a little puddle. But in reality his interests are much more limited. He considers himself a watchdog at the doors of Budapest, whose duty it is to bay when the

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word 'revision' is spoken. Even last autumn he began to howl.

It is most important to understand correctly the situation of the Czech foreign minister. When revision is mentioned in Hungary nobody thinks of Rumania. Hungarian-Rumanian relations have been passable for many years. Even Titulescu, an unrelenting foe of Hungary, recently sent ostentatious messages of friendship to Budapest. Bethlen, since resigning, has frequently visited King Carol in Sinaia. Even unpleasant episodes like the student riots in Bucharest and Transylvania last Christmas were quickly suppressed. Hungary's demands for revision in the direction of Yugoslavia have also weakened. Relations with Belgrade are cool and there is no friendship on either side, but there is no immediate danger of conflict.

In consequence, Beneš believes that the whole Hungarian demand for revision is directed toward Slovakia. His domestic policy is therefore to suppress the Slovaks with every means at his disposal, and his foreign policy to keep Hungary in chains. Here is the whole meaning of the Little Entente as far as Beneš is concerned. That is why he makes a business of keeping on friendly terms with two royal courts, although both of them hold him at a distance as a parvenu. The suppression of Hungary is the aim of his life.

Last autumn the Czech foreign minister worried seriously about the Little Entente. Painfully enough, these worries were not caused by the evil Germans or Hungarians but by France, by that jovial *maître de plaisir*, Herriot. I refer to the dispute with Rumania over the signing of the Franco-Russian and Polish-Russian nonaggression pacts. The open resistance of Titulescu to these pacts, which led to the fall of Vaida-Voevod, aroused Rumania's antagonism to the whole French system of alliances that Beneš was fostering in Central Europe. He foresaw this difficulty and tried to bring Herriot over to his point of view. But the Soviet Union lay beyond the reach of Beneš's wide-spun net. Not without reason does Prague refuse to grant diplomatic recognition to Moscow. Revolutionaries who have become respectable do not keep company with unruly elements. Beneš could not keep Rumania from drifting away from the policies of the Little Entente, and this increased his nervousness, which had already been aroused by various speeches in behalf of revision uttered by the Hungarian prime minister, Gömbös, after his visit to Rome.

The Rumanian attitude toward the pact with Russia had other roots. The Quai d'Orsay had known for a long time that the official treaty of friendship between Rumania and Italy which expired in January 1933 included far-reaching agreements that Rumania regarded as a form of extra insurance. Herriot let it be known in Bucharest that France would regard an extension of this treaty as an unfriendly act. This occurred shortly after Herriot's famous speech in Toulouse in which he made an offer of friendship to Italy, suggesting that the past be wiped out. Mussolini never replied to this offer, and the attitude of France toward Rumania quickly told Italy how the Toulouse speech was to be interpreted. Mussolini, for his part, had no desire to recognize France as the arbitrator of Yugoslav-Italian difficulties.

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III

Herriot's speech in Toulouse aroused a lively echo in Yugoslavia. Belgrade was just as afraid of being deserted by France as Rumania was. Beneš communicated the worries of his Belgrade friends to Paris. A series of anti-Italian demonstrations on the Dalmatian coast gave concrete expression to the opinion of Yugoslavia. Suddenly the scenes were changed. Herriot fell and could direct French foreign policy only from the background. The moment for a change of foreign policy arrived the moment Herriot fell from office.

We have already seen that Beneš has pushed himself to the centre of the net of diplomatic intrigue at the very moment when the Yugoslav question has become the chief problem for European diplomacy. This could never have happened if domestic affairs in Yugoslavia had not afforded both foreign friends and foreign foes increased opportunities for intervention. I have described the development of Yugoslavia in my book entitled *Central Europe and the German Future* and have depicted the situation of the royal dictator as follows:—

'The King actually remained the outstanding integrating factor for all the races of Yugoslavia. His dictatorship did not mean a brutal victory for the Serbs, even though his collaborators, especially Shivković, commander of the guard, are Serbians. In this connection complete and decisive issue must be taken with the widespread idea that the demand of the Croats for a federal state should be regarded as a form of Croatian separatism.'

I had to qualify this statement by pointing out that with the Constitution of September 3, 1931, the King abandoned the straight road of dictatorship, which the Croats had, indeed, regarded with reserve, but not with open rebellion. 'The new Constitution has meanwhile prevented the organic development of the dictatorship, for a vague parliament like the Polish one is worse than none at all.'

King Alexander has continued further in this direction. The first steps toward federalization that he took during the first two and a half years of his dictatorship have come to nothing. The head of the Yugoslav state has forfeited his personal capacity to integrate the country. The Croats and Slovenes could not accept the idea of a centralized Yugoslav state if it merely served to veil the development of a Greater Serbia. Even now the objective observer with sympathy for the Serbian people must recognize that the Yugoslav idea might have had a real future and could still have a real future if it were bound up with the idea of autonomy for each national minority.

Naturally, the opposition of the Croats and Slovenes increased at the same rate as the dictatorship's tendencies toward a Greater Serbia. But even to-day the responsible leaders, most of whose followers are peasants because of the personal character of the Yugoslav Party, do not advocate a partitioning of Yugoslavia. They have merely had to abandon the hope that a federal Yugoslav state could be achieved through the efforts of King Alexander. Even the Serbian opposition parties that still exist secretly have come closer to the federal programme laid down in Agram, the capital of Croatia. The

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Croatian uprising in the Velebit Mountains last October was much more serious than Belgrade was willing to admit. It is hard to tell how strong Italian influences were at that time in Zara, the Italian base on the Dalmatian coast. But this much is certain—the Croatian troops who were sent into action against the rebels were not loyal. Subsequently the southern garrisons were manned by Croatian regiments and the northern ones by Serbian regiments.

After the temporary collapse of the uprising all the Croatian party leaders met in Agram on the seventh of last November. They included the leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, Dr. Maček; the first Yugoslav foreign minister and one of the founders of the country, Dr. Trumbić; and the leaders of the Independent Democrats and of the Croatian right-wing parties. There also appeared, and this is most important in the light of later developments, three leaders of the Serbian opposition from Bosnia, Voivodina, and Lika. This secret assembly passed the following resolutions, which will be known in history as the Agram Agreements:—

1. The principle of national sovereignty shall be maintained.

2. The basis of Yugoslav national existence is the peasantry, which makes up eighty per cent of the population.

3. Serbian hegemony has hampered and demoralized the development of all the non-Serbian districts in Yugoslavia and has destroyed domestic peace.

4. Serbian hegemony will be sharply opposed by the authors of these agreements. They will work for a return to the 1918 status as the point of departure for a new development for Yugoslavia.

5. The principle and the necessity of a united Serbian-Croatian-Slovenian state are recognized. At the same time the predominance of one or more groups over the others is excluded since the state is built on the free will of all its parts. Demarcation between state authority and local autonomy shall be decided and regulated by an agreement between the different national groups. The rights of minorities must remain completely assured.

The most important aspect of these agreements is that they advocate maintaining the Yugoslav state as a unit and at the same time proclaim the necessity of going back to the Constitution of December 1, 1918. The federalist opposition will no longer work on the basis of the so-called Vidovdan Constitution and the Constitution of September 3, 1931. The question of the form of government, especially the question of the Crown, remains open because the agreements are signed by acknowledged republicans who are followers of the former Serbian minister, Pribičević, who is now in exile, and by leaders who do not consider a monarchy essential. A few weeks later the Slovenian parties, under the leadership of former Prime Minister Koročets, came to a similar agreement. At the end of January 1933 Maček and Koročets were arrested together with various subordinates and interned in little villages in former Serbia. Thus the dictatorship forced the Croats and Slovenes, who had not taken an active stand against the present régime, into the opposition.

New elections are occurring in Belgrade in March or April and members of the Croatian and Slovenian opposition parties are prevented by law from voting. The only parties that can receive votes are those that can collect a certain number of signatures in all the electoral districts. This system works out in practice as if the People's

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Party of Bavaria had to find thirty thousand signatures in East Prussia in order to present a candidate. At the last elections, on November 8, 1931, only one party could meet these requirements. This time there will probably be two parties, one of them a vague opposition.

IV

The conflict between the different nationalities has been increased by the entry of the Church into the political struggle. The Catholic Church in Croatia and Slovenia is of such central importance to those northern districts that it has automatically become a refuge for the opposition. Because of the international character of the Church, its organizations will not meekly submit to state interference. The Orthodox Church, on the other hand, is a political instrument in the hands of the Belgrade Government. It has shown an extraordinary tendency to spread in purely Catholic districts. This year there are bound to be serious conflicts between the state and the Catholic Church. The King has made the Greek Orthodox Church almost the only state church. Members of the Serbian Party are trying to restrain the material expansion of the Catholic Church as much as possible in order to starve out the northern national groups.

The dangerous consequences of the terrific domestic tension in Yugoslavia on the country's foreign policy are plain as a pikestaff. We should never forget that the chief reason why Italy abandoned neutrality in the World War was because she believed that the Allied powers had promised her the whole Adriatic coast in the London Treaty of April 26, 1915. But all that Italy received was Fiume, Zara, and a few islands. Italy's claims to the east coast of the Adriatic cannot be supported on the basis of nationality—and it is interesting to note that Italy's demands for the recognition of nationality are not so logical as many German National Socialists suppose.

Italy bases its claims for domination on historic grounds, pointing out that the power of Venice used to extend the length of the Dalmatian coast. Moreover, the Fascist state has carefully refrained from making a precise statement of its *mare nostrum* policy. Of course Italy has not abandoned its hopes of expanding into Dalmatia. If Mussolini actually does possess a plan of procedure he cannot help basing it on the domestic tension in Yugoslavia and, having something of this kind in mind, he must recognize that an extension of Italian influence into Dalmatia will be possible only if the united state of Yugoslavia is dissolved. Hence it is to Italy's advantage to win the Slovenes away from the Yugoslav kingdom and to organize a Slovenian buffer state that would be as easy to rule as Albania, where King Ahmed Zogu has for some time past been nothing more than an Italian appointee.

It is also conceivable that Italy is trying to turn the separatist movement in southern Yugoslavia to its advantage. Several hundred thousand Albanians—the precise figures are in dispute—live in Yugoslavia on the Albanian border and they might be used to promote Italy's *irredenta* policy. In Albania itself the situation has changed somewhat. Ahmed Zogu has shown a sudden hostility to extending the Italian-Albanian treaty of friend-

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ship and is trying to make himself independent of Rome. As a result the Italians are considering replacing him by a more amenable successor, and a son of former King Nicholas of Montenegro is considered a likely candidate. His sister is the Queen of Italy.

But there are also candidates in Yugoslavia, notably the Albanian *émigré*, Gani Beg. Nobody knows whether or not he would act in the same way as Ahmed Zogu, who originally started his revolution on Yugoslav soil, and then sought Italy's support. In any event, the Albanian question is one that may bring the whole Italian-Yugoslav problem to a head.

I have shown that in Slovenia federalism, as expounded in the recent agreements, does not imply separatism. If Italy wants to accomplish anything in this quarter without war she must make use of the Croatian and Slovenian *émigrés* who are now in Vienna, France, and Belgium. But such a possibility is a vague one and would require a long time to be put into practical effect.

V

One more point must be made here. In recent months still another possibility has come more conspicuously to the fore, something that would have seemed pure madness only two years ago. The Austrian legitimists are unquestionably laying very concrete plans in respect to Croatia. There are various influential personalities among the Croatian *émigrés* now living in Vienna, notably General Pavelić, who work in close contact with the Austrian legitimists. It is by no means unlikely that of the great supernational Habsburg Empire certain supernational groups are left that are working toward a restoration. An interesting point in this connection is that the elements that are working for any kind of a restoration in Germany openly oppose a union between Germany and Austria. The conception of a Greater Germany is incompatible with that of a restoration, whether it is to take place in Austria or in the Reich or only in Bavaria. The harmony and mutual delimitation of interests between the legitimists of Austria and Germany must be far greater than their official statements indicate.

The fundamental idea of the Austrian-Croatian group is to restore a large Catholic monarchy uniting German Austria and Croatia with Slovenia and maintaining close relationship with Hungary. Fantastic as such a combination may appear, it is important to remember that the Vatican would welcome and support it. Someone wrote me from Vienna apropos of what I have just said about Austria, asking me why Austria was not turning toward Italy at the present time, and why only Berlin was taking that course. The answer is obvious. Not without reason was Italy the first nation to protest against the Austro-German customs union. Both Mussolini and the Vatican are engaged on a very long-range policy that must include the division of Yugoslavia. Therefore they will try to block any step to bring Austria and Germany together. Rome can put through its plans only if Austria remains separated from the German Reich. An independent Croatian-Slovenian state with a Greater Germany as its neighbor does not suit Italy's plans.

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I must also indicate the consequences of Italy's policy in Southeastern Europe. There is a danger that Germany will not regard Italy realistically enough. Of course, this does not mean that Germany should refuse to enter into any alliance with Italy—and one may be offered because of the attitude of both countries toward France. But we must not forget how realistically Italy has conducted its relations with Germany, as the case of the customs union has already proved. There are people in Germany who have the most romantic ideas about German-Italian friendship, but Italian diplomats have always regarded this enthusiasm ironically.

Austria's position in the event of an Italian-Yugoslav conflict would be extremely difficult from the strategic point of view, because even after the Agram and Laibach agreements Italy cannot reckon on a separatist movement in Croatia and Slovenia. The highway, finished last November, which connects Carinthia and southern Styria and thus, indirectly, Italy and Hungary, is of the greatest strategic importance. Since last autumn many Yugoslav and Italian airplanes have flown over this threatened district. Since Yugoslavia is very open to attack along the Karst both the Italian and the Yugoslav general staffs must reckon on developments in northern Yugoslavia in the event of war.

If we examine the field of tension along the Adriatic without prejudice we must recognize that the laws of economics favor Italy. On account of domestic difficulties Yugoslavia can not afford to provoke any trouble abroad because if trouble were to break out revolution would be dangerously near. Nor has Belgrade any reason to provoke trouble, since it would scarcely care to risk the existence of the whole nation for the sake of Fiume. The theory that nations with trouble at home are the ones most likely to embark on adventures abroad does not apply to Yugoslavia. Nevertheless, increasing nervousness has led to spontaneous or half-spontaneous acts, such as the destruction of ancient Venetian buildings in Dalmatia last December, which are naturally interpreted by Italy as hostile demonstrations. We shall not be going far wrong if we assume that Beneš welcomes the increasing hostility of Yugoslavia toward Italy because it fits in with his anti-revisionist plan of operation.

VI

Once again we must return to the rôle that Rumania plays in this conflict of forces. After Rumania had been disappointed, as I have already remarked, by the Franco-Russian nonaggression pact, the attention of all the powers concerned shifted to the question of the extension of the Rumanian-Italian treaty of friendship, which was to expire in the middle of January. On November 14, an extraordinary conference of the general staffs of the Little Entente was held in Bucharest, attended by General Sirovy of Czechoslovakia and General Lazarescu of Rumania. On the 18th of December the foreign ministers of the Little Entente met in Belgrade. Beneš intended to take this opportunity to set his anti-revisionist plans in motion, as was made clear by various articles in the pro-Beneš press of Prague and Vienna. But Titulescu

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refused to coöperate. The morale of the conference was not very encouraging. And it only agreed that the Little Entente should work together more closely in the future.

After long hesitation, Rumania on January 18 finally extended its treaty with Italy for three months. Paris had applied increased pressure. The visit to Bucharest of the Yugoslav King and Queen, which immediately followed, seemed to bring about a certain change, for in the middle of February the Little Entente conference went into session again and even Titulescu finally signed the 'Reform Act,' the most important part of which is that in the future the three nations can sign treaties with other nations only with the knowledge and consent of all parties concerned. Thus Beneš has put Rumania in such a position that when it enters into new negotiations with Rome in April Prague and Belgrade will have to be consulted.

It may be that the so-called Hirtenberg arms affair played a decisive rôle in these arrangements. This comparatively harmless incident of carrying a few thousand old guns from Italy to Hungary by way of Austria gave the Czechoslovak foreign minister the opportunity he had been looking for to embark on a great international campaign against Austria, Hungary, and Italy. The English and French ambassadors took various steps and the Austrian Social Democrats took the opportunity to draw the attention of all interested powers to the rôle that the Austrian Government had been playing. Perhaps the Austrian Marxists believed, for reasons that we shall not go into here, that they were fighting for their existence. In any case, the question has been raised whether a formal investigation of Austria should not be undertaken, and possibly an investigation of Hungary in the same connection. Clearly, open conflict may arise and the spark may set off the whole powder magazine. Events have taken an extraordinary turn in Central Europe and it is necessary to study the background of all these interrelated confusions, suspicions, and threats. For that reason developments in France must be studied most closely.

VII

The fall of Herriot on the debt question created a very uncertain situation in France. The outstanding head of all Radical Socialist governments finds himself without official responsibility. Since the Radical Socialists can enjoy a sure majority only by working in close coöperation with the Socialists, any cabinet without Herriot is in a precarious position from the beginning because the Socialists fear that he will intrigue with the right and bring down the government. Daladier's financial programme finally received the support of the Socialists—against the will of their leader, Léon Blum—only because Daladier has for years been known as an opponent of Herriot's policy in the Radical Socialist Party. The line Herriot has followed always leads to his beginning with the best will in the world to coöperate with the left and then, after a short time, turning sharply to the right, which makes him dependent on groups in the Chamber with which the Socialists cannot cooperate. This has occurred once again. Herriot tried to defeat his rival, Daladier, by creating a new block of national concentration. Although he

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could not do this on the first vote on the finance bill it is still possible that the Radical Socialist leader will gain a majority in the early part of the year. That would mean that French foreign policy would achieve a stability that might be very dangerous to Germany.

On the one hand, Herriot can now claim to be the only French statesman with a logical policy of security, since he identified the debt question with the sanctity of treaties for all he was worth. Security rests on treaties and on more and more of them. On the other hand, Herriot has shown that his foreign policy is not built on such rigid conceptions as Poincaré's and Tardieu's. Even a comparison with Briand shows that Herriot may not radiate such a mystic aura but that his adaptability and elasticity are greater than Briand's. He has shown this most notably in his Russian policy, where he scored a decisive victory. In what other light could we take the following statement by Herriot in the Parisian weekly, *Marianne:* 'Under certain conditions I have refused to participate in certain coalitions that people wanted to form against Russia. Nations are conquered only by good will. If the Soviet Union so desires, it will find in France enough independent men who are ready to help it in its labors for peace abroad and reconstruction at home.'

The methods by which Herriot is trying to secure the coöperation of Russia may be crude, but they have already produced negative results for us at the Disarmament Conference, where Litvinov was at least careful not to reject the French constructive plan brusquely. We know perfectly well who wants to bring into existence these coalitions against Russia of which Herriot speaks, and there have been certain conversations on the subject at Lausanne.

We have already proved in these columns by reference to the five-power agreement of December 11 and the comments of Havas, the official French news agency, that France has virtually ignored the principle of equality. Since then this fact has become public. Beneš and Beck, the Polish foreign minister, have explicitly denied that the agreement of December 11 applied to all the powers represented at the Disarmament Conference. Finally, Paul-Boncour repudiated the five-power agreement as far as France was concerned. Various interpretations, he said, were possible concerning the scope of the agreement of December 11, but in any case the conference was not bound by it. The thesis laid down in the official Havas report was that the question of security must be settled before equality could be discussed in individual cases, and this thesis was later advocated by the leader of the French delegation. Germany's half-hearted objections could not conceal the fact that we had returned to the conference without achieving actual equality of rights.

VIII

Thus the vicious circle is closed. France is determined to prevent disarmament in any case. Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia never took any other attitude, and the Polish foreign minister found the French constructive plan too easy on Germany. The sharp exchange of speeches between Herriot and Mussolini has thrown still more light on the dispute.

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The Disarmament Conference has completely failed and is doomed to futility as far as naval disarmament is concerned by Japan's withdrawal from Geneva.

In view of the attitude that Germany has taken up to now we have no choice but to repudiate Section Five of the Versailles Treaty and announce our freedom to arm, which does not mean that we will definitely embark on an armament policy. France, Poland, and Czechoslovakia will, of course, regard our attitude at the Disarmament Conference as an important step in the direction of violating the Versailles Treaty. The least that can result is a complaint before the World Court. And it is also possible that other hostile measures may be taken.

Because of what has happened we cannot retreat and must therefore reckon on every consequence. Thus it becomes clear why I have warned against Germany's participating in a possible Italian-Yugoslav conflict. French tactics can be understood only if we recognize that France intends, now that the attempt to cooperate with Italy has failed and the mission of the French ambassador, Jouvenel, in Rome has been defeated, to lure Italy out into the open as far as possible. In January similar moves in the direction of Germany were made when the young Radical Socialist aviation minister, Pierre Cot, made some curious proposals favoring treaty revision, whose manifest purpose was to cause Germany to initiate a premature demand for treaty revision. This particular French politician may have been quite sincere in his action. The real question is to what extent and with what intentions Paul-Boncour and Herriot were making use of him. The words, 'Better a terrible end than terror without end,' have again become popular in France. The country is tired of continual uncertainty, of *incertitudes allemandes*, but does not reflect that this uncertainty is entirely the fault of the Versailles Treaty.

The decision between peace and war lies chiefly in the hands of Mussolini. In spite of all the rivalries that I have described, it seems unlikely on military grounds that the Duce will cause provocations carelessly. A conflict in the Adriatic could hardly be localized. If international relations in Europe continue to develop as catastrophically as they have since last autumn no one can prophesy what chance incident or trifle may lead to the most serious consequences.

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Persons and Personages

The History of Hugenberg

By Hermann Budzislawski

Translated from *Die Weltbühne*, Berlin Radical Weekly

THE SLOGAN, 'Germany, awake!' did not originate with Hitler. It is the title of the manifesto with which the Pan-German Association stepped into publicity for the first time in 1892 with a full-page advertisement in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Even at that time Hugenberg, then a young lawyer, belonged to the driving force of the right opposition against the 'feeble' policy of the youthful Kaiser.

The phrase, 'Third Reich,' did not originate with Hitler, nor with Möller van den Bruck, who took it up in 1923. In July 1919 the German Nationalists held their first party caucus. Privy Councilor Hugenberg made a speech about economic policy. He said that he feared that the Reich would go to pieces if it undertook to serve as bailiff for the enemy against all its own citizens. He then went on to say that 'in that case he would have preferred that the enemy had destroyed it, for then the longing for a new Third Reich would at least have remained.'

The linking of the words 'national' and 'socialist' did not originate with Hitler. Before it was known that Hugenberg would take his place in history as the German crisis minister Otto Erich Hartleben gave a pedantic picture of him in his story about the torn-off button. Hugenberg was Hartleben's playmate in Hanover and his schoolmate in Göttingen, where he wrote poems about love and truth. Out of the comradeship of the young poets came the formula, 'national and socialist,' which Hugenberg forgot when he became general director of Krupp's and did not recognize again as the mental property of the poet of Hanover until it had won millions of followers for his rival, Hitler.

Hugenberg has always been able to foresee and to formulate in advance. His opponents failed to take him into account; now they are surprised to find that the prophet who was misunderstood for forty years no longer stands in the opposition but in his sixty-eighth year for the first time in his life holds all power concentrated in his hands. For he has always been in the opposition. As an official of the kingdom of Prussia he was against the Kaiser when the latter exchanged Zanzibar for Heligoland. He opposed Caprivi's cautious and Bülow's lax Polish policy. He was against Bethmann Hollweg. During the War he wrote of the government as follows in a letter: 'They are the same people who through

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their unpardonable and, in its consequences, criminal policy of high prices have already brought us to the edge of starvation.' And he saw trouble ahead if the '*salon* diplomats and dinner generals' insisted on providing the people with food at forced low prices. The War offered the farmers an exceptional opportunity of which they wished to take advantage. Hugenberg did not overrate the patriotism of the farmers; he was a realistic politician.

Perhaps people will forget the interviews that Hugenberg gave in 1913 as general director of Krupp's in order to invalidate Karl Liebknecht's attacks in the Reichstag against the biggest German armament firm. The affair was not popular. People will forget the explanation of the mysterious transactions that were necessary in order to procure control of the Scherl Press for Hugenberg during the War. The mysterious Committee of Twelve stood back of him—but enough has been said. For we are concerned here with calling up the past only in so far as it is necessary for an understanding of Hugenberg's present and future plans.

WHOEVER is disappointed because he was expecting, not a peaceful exposition of the 'Hugenberg plan,'—if there is such a thing,—but a minute description of the man, may be referred to German National propaganda pamphlets, for example the gossipy writings of Leo Wegener, who has stood especially close to Hugenberg for thirty years. There one can read:—

> He does not smoke. He does not play cards. Smutty jokes are distasteful to him. On the other hand, he has the North German sense of humor. He does not take part in his colleagues' gossip in the lobbies of the Reichstag. He is modest. And, what is little understood about him, he is neither conceited nor ambitious. Anyone who tries to flatter him might as well talk to a stone wall. And, because he is neither conceited nor ambitious, he does not know how to hate. . . . He does not drink for diversion, which does not mean that he scorns alcohol. . . . At home he lives simply and frugally. . . . From his youth he has been a devotee of uncooked food, at least in respect to fruit and radishes. . . . He often says that if it were not for his optimism he would have been dead or crazy long ago.

A futile attempt to make an unpopular man popular.

People do not love business men, and Hugenberg is one of the few great business men of our time. He displayed business ability even as an assessor on the Land Settlement Board in Poland. He proposed placing advertisements in the district papers of Lower Saxony and establishing an agency for drawing settlers to the eastern provinces, a scheme that the president of the Board turned down with the observation, 'The Prussian State is not a commercial enterprise.' But Hugenberg continued to pit his business head against the bureaucrats. He had soon had enough of a government career; they did n't want to divide up the big estates the

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way Hugenberg desired—Polish estates, of course. Moreover, his Pan-German activities were taken in poor part. He became director of the agricultural coöperative societies, proved a crank there too, and in 1903 returned to a government career as privy councilor in the Prussian finance ministry, where he remained until 1907. Then through family connections he received an offer to become director of the Mine and Metal Bank in Frankfurt. He jumped at the chance and left the civil service for good and all.

Hugenberg always objected to being considered a multimillionaire. And people actually did him an injustice when they ranked him with Krupp and Thyssen. He belongs to that class of business men who always remain dependent on those above them, who have almost as much and sometimes even more of a say than their superiors, yet who are never in control themselves. In 1909 Krupp took him away from Frankfurt and made him the general director of what was then the largest business enterprise in Germany. Three years later he became chairman of the Mining Association, 'an honor which up to then had been accorded only to mine owners,' writes Wegener, who thereby distinguishes quite correctly between owners and directors. On the board of the Mining Association sat the twelve wealthy men who advanced Hugenberg the capital necessary for building up his press interests. Scherl, the Telegraph Union, Ufa, and other organizations for influencing public opinion are therefore not Hugenberg's exclusive property.

Stresemann is said to have advised Krupp to get rid of Hugenberg. In any case, Hugenberg left the house of Krupp on the last day of December, 1918, got himself elected to the Reichstag as a German Nationalist, and, in concert with Stinnes, built up the powerful press machine the extent of whose influence over the provincial press has never been made clear. By giving them paper, by inserting advertisements, and by granting a thousand business favors he won the hearts of the provincial publishers.

Hugenberg did not throw in his influence unreservedly with the German National Party. Even in his own party, as a fiduciary of Rhenish-Westphalian industry he stood in opposition to the 'mediators,' to Westarp, and naturally to the trade-union wing around Lambach. In 1928 he gained control of the party and bore the secession of members calmly. Never in his life had Hugenberg submitted to discipline; now that he had arrived in power, he demanded complete obedience.

WITH Hugenberg's advent to power the group that used to form the reactionary opposition to the monarchy has seized control. No programme was announced. Is there one? And of what can such a 'Hugenberg plan' consist? So far there have been two administrative acts—

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agricultural customs duties and further protection for farmers against seizure of their property for unpaid taxes. The German Nationalists are closely connected with agriculture. Duties on lard and a law against importing barley for cattle are among the first points in Hugenberg's agricultural reorganization scheme.

Since this commercial policy injures industry, the industrialists must be satisfied in some other way. The protection against seizure, which amounts to a kind of moratorium for farmers until late autumn, is also prejudicial to every part of the economic system except agriculture. It is not, as is supposed, an emergency measure, but belongs to the necessary first steps of the Hugenberg plan. A German National bill of December 1930 had already contained references to such protection against seizure, and this bill agrees strikingly with the train of thought expressed in a memorandum published by Hugenberg in September 1932.

This 'Memorandum on the Question of Debt Settlement' shows that Hugenberg considers himself the trustee in bankruptcy of the German economic system. As spokesman of a free economy he wishes to carry through a 'last interference' with the economic system: 'Twenty billions in credits that are due or will fall due soon must be transformed into irredeemable amortization credits.' Since the creditors thus save their otherwise unrecoverable claims, they are to be content with an interest rate of four per cent and an amortization of two or three per cent. The protection against seizure has begun with agriculture; from the above-mentioned memorandum we may surmise that it will be extended to all working assets, but not to former debt obligations, so that while it is in force the relations between debtors and creditors may be regulated anew on a large scale.

According to Hugenberg, if nobody has to pay, industry and trade will have no further cause to complain about the protection against seizure extended to farmers. But how can industry be compensated for the preference shown to the farmers? Only through new labor legislation. In a speech that Hugenberg made in Berlin on the 16th of October last year he denied being an enemy of social policy. But what does he mean by social policy?

According to this programmatic speech, the trade unions of different political complexions will be replaced by 'work unions' to which the employers also will belong. Social insurance will not be abolished, but it will be transformed. Instead of saving money, the worker will save some kind of property, perhaps 'tenement property' in a house. He must own outright some possessions, however modest.

In an article in *Der Tag* of December 15, 1932, Hugenberg wrote: 'It cannot be God's will that mankind should lose its first people.' Let every man translate that into his own language.

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A French visitor praises London as the world capital of a vigorous middle class, but a British member of that class views his own fate with despair.

Bourgeois ENGLAND

French and British Views

I. A Frenchman in London

By Jean-Jacques Bernard

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

NOWHERE does one feel more anonymous, more diluted in immensity. The image of the city gives the impression that it is not a city at all but a province. If you have to go somewhere you frequently find that your friend tells you, 'It is just around the corner.' But you need half an hour in an automobile to get there and reflect that Paris is only a village in comparison.

But Paris is not a village; Paris is really a city. London, on the contrary, with its little cottages, its little cottages, and its little cottages, often gives the impression of being a village, an immense village, an extensive village, an endless village. Life is diffused here yet at the same time everything is concentrated. Nor is this the least important contradiction in a capital which, like its inhabitants, lives on contradictions that it does not perceive. The art of conciliating contradictions perhaps disconcerts French logic more than anything else. But it is perhaps the greatest source of strength of the English people, who are at once so old and so young. It is this that permits them to twist and turn their way through torments which, in the light of our reason, would seem to doom the British Empire to extinction. The French intelligence has great difficulty in explaining or even conceiving what goes to make up the miraculous solidity of this immense empire of glass. There are no two mentalities more different than the English and the French, no

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two philosophies, no two patriotisms, no two humors that stand in sharper contrast, and there are no two cities that strike you as being so different as London and Paris. But perhaps this very difference is what arouses our reciprocal astonishment and attaches us so strongly to each other. There are no two nations better made to get along together and love each other without understanding each other.

This impression of paradoxical solidity which cannot be explained in words but which you feel every instant and which has been anchored in the heart of all Englishmen for centuries strikes you long before you arrive in London. You feel it at your first contact with English soil. You left Paris four hours ago, Calais half an hour ago, and yet you are a thousand leagues from France. There are a few solemn minutes after you have lost sight of the French coast before you see the English coast, only a few minutes, yet they provide a sufficiently opaque screen to separate two worlds. Open sea, twilight, fog, and then human life suddenly reveals itself in the form of intermittent flashes, the Dover lighthouse. The coast emerges gradually through the fog. An austere cliff; then the harbor lights. The water looks like metal. This coast has something grave, profound, and powerful about it. You feel all the tradition that is here, all the sure pride, the soul of old England.

From this moment on you will keep meeting this soul at every turn of the road, especially when you expect it least. You are in a music hall. Three hours of boredom. You see an audience of grown-up children thrown into convulsive laughter by the antics of the comedian of the moment. When the performance is over everyone stands up bareheaded, motionless as a statue. The orchestra plays 'God Save the King.' Old England.

For four hundred years a password has been given when guards are changed at the Tower of London. Never in the course of four hundred years has the same password been used twice. 'And,' explains my dinner partner with tranquil pride, 'so it will continue for at least another four hundred years.' Old England.

A friend of mine who loves France and the French, an alert, broad-minded man, open to new things, tells me about crossing the Channel. I say to him, 'So there is no longer any question of a tunnel?' 'Happily not,' he exclaims involuntarily, and then quickly adds, 'What use would it be?' But I understand. Old England.

II

Comfort and tradition are the two poles around which family life revolves in this country. In every other country one chooses a little of one and sacrifices a little of the other, but the Englishman neither chooses nor sacrifices. He reconciles the two, and this reconciliation often takes unexpected forms. You see electric radiators set in fireplaces built specially for them and so arranged that light shines through transparent imitation coal and gives the illusion of the traditional fire. Thus perfect heating and the hearth are reconciled. Old England.

Don't say that this is childish. We generally call things childish that proceed from a mentality that is different from our own without reflecting that foreigners may have the same

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feeling about forms of life that seem natural to us. Differences of mentality reveal themselves most clearly in the externals of life. Every man's outer appearance resembles his character to some extent. The same thing can be said of cities. Nothing is more striking in this respect than the way London and Paris affect the eye. Every modern city has its mechanical fauna—buses, taxis, subways—and it depends on the climate which form of transportation predominates. Everyone knows that the favorable terrain of Amsterdam and Copenhagen gives the bicycle certain advantages. In every city you see this fauna of the streets assuming different forms and colors. It seems that the climates of London and Paris have encouraged the development of two entirely different types of buses and taxicabs. The same thing was true in the days of carriages. London was the city of cabs as Paris was the city of open vehicles. To-day Paris is the city of buses that are all one color and of low taxicabs with long hoods. London is the city of many-colored buses covered with advertisements and of high taxicabs with flat hoods and snub noses.

But beneath this apparent disorder London conceals a real discipline much firmer than the artificial discipline of our regulated Paris. The Londoner is the most naturally disciplined man in the world, probably because he feels himself the most free, civilized man in the world. The Londoner has always been free and his liberty has become a natural sentiment. The Parisian has been free only since 1789 and he has n't got entirely used to his liberty. He feels a childish need to proclaim it on every occasion. He is aggressive, disrespectful, given to chicanery, and, finally, he does not know how to protect himself from real tyranny. But he will never consent to walk on the right-hand side of the sidewalk. In Berlin and Rome pedestrians are forced to go to the right. In London one walks to the right of one's own free will and does not feel humiliated.

Thus the Englishman reconciles disorder and discipline as easily as he does comfort and tradition. We keep encountering this skilled adaptation on the part of a people that seems to be the least adapted of any to the modern world.

We know how garrulous the English can be. We also know that they can be chary of words. Who of us has not seen an Englishman in his club or on the square talking on no matter what subject without stopping, without moving, in a monotonous voice, his head a little bent and his two hands in his waistcoat pockets? The English language, which has virtually no syntax at all, lends itself marvelously to this use. To a Frenchman and even more to a German, a discourse is like an obstacle race, but in London it becomes a simple straightaway on which there is no risk of a fall and on which one can continue without inconvenience until the voice of the orator gives out or the listener falls asleep.

III

As a contrast to this, how sensible the English are about avoiding useless conversation. I remember how I arrived with a friend, whom we shall call Smith, in the office of a newspaper whose editor was expecting us, having been informed by telephone. You can imagine the kind of conversation that would have happened in France.

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'Is the editor in?'

'I don't know. I'll go and see. Do you want to write your name?'

'Here.'

'And the subject of your visit?'

'Personal.'

'Do you want to wait a minute?'

'But the director knows I'm coming: I just telephoned.'

'Ah, it is you who telephoned. Now I remember.'

'He made an appointment for us at four o'clock.'

'Well, I think he will see you. Will you sit down?'

'Do you think it will be long?'

'I don't think so. There aren't many people to-day.'

'Good, then we'll wait.'

And so it would go.

In London my friend Smith walked up to a clerk who was sitting in silence behind a window and the following dialogue occurred.

'Smith.'

'Good.'

That was all.

It is difficult to see London with an Englishman and not catch from him the disease of believing that London is really the world and that the rest of the world is a series of London annexes. This sentiment is quite natural to the Englishman. It explains his legendary blindness and his tranquil power. Indeed, how could one fail to feel this about a city whose end one cannot see and which will come to an end only when the whole world does? Here security is born of immensity, nor has the Empire any more limits than London. One fine day the Dominions emancipated themselves. Attentive nations watched the vacillations of the Empire. But the Empire simply put itself in a different position. The most paradoxical solutions are arranged within traditional forms.

Gandhi, who is rebelling against the Empire, finds his warmest adherents in England. A Labor minister presides over a Conservative cabinet. Bernard Shaw tells the British public home truths that no other nation would tolerate. Every contradiction is possible in a nation that has such a strong sentiment of its lasting power under all circumstances. The Englishman, slow to adapt himself, will adapt himself to anything if it is inevitable. But he accepts everything without renouncing anything. London is London, the heart of the world. Even if this is no longer true, the important thing is to believe that it is. There is New York, they say, and Moscow, and Tokyo. But there was also Spain and the French Empire and the German Empire and the Russia of the Tsars. To the man from the city of London all these things seem like a series of crumbling statues. Will the temporary powers that were born, that are being born, and that will be born prevent the Thames from flowing, the clock in Westminster from striking, the guard at Buckingham Palace from standing? Such material realities, however trifling they may seem, are incompatible with any sentiment of decay. True, the pound went off the gold standard, but it was the gold standard that was wrong. No doubt the world is changing, but London remains and will remain whatever happens. The man from the city of London is fully persuaded. Perhaps he will die of confidence but perhaps, instead, he will live on his confidence. Truth is not always on the side of those who act but on the side of those who believe.

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II. England's Middle Class Speaks

By Reginald Duff

From *The Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

THIS is what the middle class would say, were it able to speak:—

We reveal the enormous death that is in compromise, the essential misery of the 'happy medium.' Compressed on each side by opposing forces, we are rendered utterly negative. On one side presses capitalism; on the other, the massive bulk of the proletariat. We are the bulwark between these enemies; we are the average men.

Our habit is a dead obedience. We are the respectable ones. The capitalist, hyenalike, screams: 'Every man for himself.' So we scratch and bite among ourselves, in a devil's dream of 'progress.'

Our obedience to the proletariat is as real, though backwardly produced. Since our birth, our greatest enemy has been that which we name the sordid. We have always known that Dreadful Things happen, but have never talked about them. The proletariat represents the sordid, the not quite nice, the common side of life. Thus, we must never fall to its level. We must keep up our position. (Remember how our poor dear parents worked for us.) We cannot, without a shudder and a blink, so much as contemplate the wife-beating, pub-crawling, dole-queueing dregs of humanity that make up the proletariat. We are not snobs—no—but there are limits.

So, on one side, the thrust of the proletariat keeps us still. To move would be to surrender, to lapse from respectability. Proudly, we rest.

On the other side, the dense weight of the capitalist system presses upon us. But this pressure is openly admitted. The capitalists are our acknowledged masters, and only through them shall we succeed. If we follow them in everything, we shall triumph. Our opportunity will come. We shall work our way to the top. Perseverance is all we want. Every great man has had to persevere. There is wider scope for youth to-day than ever before. The newspapers say so. Young Ted is in the wireless trade, and Stan is a junior clerk. They will both have positions, one day. And, as it is, they are not doing so badly. Thirty shillings is not to be sneered at. Times are hard. But things are getting brighter. The newspapers say so.

This is our sick dream—that we can become capitalists too, that we shall one day rest between the sheets of the Ritz, eat oysters, direct businesses, own cars, and dress for dinner. By energy and perseverance shall we do it—or luckily, in a finger's flick, by winning the Irish Sweep. The bad breath of capitalism has fanned a hard, bright flame of cupidity in our minds. We must get on, despite the world. There is no room for sentiment in business. If the spirit falters, the mind must conquer it. In the race for success there must be no falling by the way. Business, we justly acknowledge, is business.

We are decent in the soul. We have just been cheated. The flaring sky sign of capitalism has blinded us. So big it is, and so very electric. Size has always impressed us, and capitalism

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is the largest thing we have come across. So we've buried our souls beneath layers of grasping self. For all we know, our souls may be in revolt against it. How can we tell? We do not consider our souls. We are too busy doing our duty.

It has always been our genius to term compulsion duty. Now, our duty is to cheat each other, and grasp, and snatch, and worry, and keep the enormous swindle going until we attain positions, and so die hated by everybody beneath us. This duty has grown into a hard, bitter core in the heart of us. Now we really *are* avaricious; we *do* want to succeed at the expense of other people; our ambition to rise, to trample, to sing in the baths of the Ritz is real and active within us. Outwardly, we are all 'respectable'; inwardly, we thirst with a dingy desire to succeed, at any cost.

Our essential crassness is revealed in the fact that we cannot see the swindle as a swindle. We believe in capitalism. Almost, we worship the capitalists. They have taken the place of poor Jehovah, the last of the individualist's gods. Yesterday, 'faith was all'; to-day, 'money can do anything.' As long as we retain the power of hope 'every man for himself' will remain our most satisfactory doctrine. We dislike being massed. That is why we mistrust Socialism. Socialism would deal with us, with all men, as a body. The idea is repulsive. To us, there is a terrible bloodlessness about any form of equality. Why should people who do no work have as much as the people who spend their lives working? Why should the individual be sacrificed to a system? (At present, of course, he is not sacrificed. Because there are opportunities for all. The newspapers say so. And we may win the Irish Sweep yet.) To substitute an anæmic scheme of economic equality for the contemporary individualistic dog fight would be to crush ambition. There would be no sort of personal success under Socialism. Everybody would be equal, without spirit, lazy, tired of life. Commerce would spur us no longer.

In the face of all logic, each one of us believes that under the present system his chance will come. This belief is an instinctive part of us. We have become apes in a hellish zoo, gibbering and chattering with greed. We want 'results,' and 'results' are wanted from us. We have been bred to 'results.'

Under capitalism, results are created painlessly. The universe is wrapped in a cellophaned packet for us to buy. If we shut our eyes and open our purses, beatitude is ours. We can have the results before the labor. That is the beauty of capitalism. As was pointed out six months ago in a quite incomprehensible magazine called *The Adelphi*, we have the results of possession without possessing. We have our furniture—but it will not be ours for another twenty installments. We have our houses, but they will never be ours; we pay for them by the week. We have our business, but unhappily it belongs to somebody else. There is no reality and no security in our results; but they are results. We keep up appearances, no matter how precariously. We have everything, yet own nothing. But we cannot see this, for we have shut our eyes. And when they are opened, we can see only through the distorting spectacles of capitalist advertisements. We are endlessly badgered by posters and an-

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nouncements, each detailing a fresh joy and wonder of 'possession.' Results, for a few shillings down! That is what we like, and what we live for.

II

It is not only in material products that this madness of results is manifest. Emotional results, experience off the peg, are as easily and widely obtainable. The final 'crib' to life's examination paper has been produced. But unless we live the questions, the answers are rather superfluous. So to remedy this we ask ourselves the questions after the answers are known. This saves a great deal of trouble. For instance, the local cinema is showing a picture that deals with 'the endless question of a man's second wife.' Now before we saw the film, we never asked ourselves the endless question. But it may be asked now, with absolute safety, for we know the correct answer. And kindly capitalism provided both.

Cinematographic results are commonly obtainable. In real life, emotional living is inefficient living. Our emotional life, then, must be subjugated to darkness and 'amusement.' Other people's efficiency must act as a vicarious symbol of our natural inefficiency. By watching the caperings of shadows we are profoundly stirred; we live. Our natural and human emotion has become but a shadow of the shadows. They lead; we follow, when we have the time. They suggest; we agree. They invent the problem of life, and provide its solution. Fine! We can get on with our jobs.

It is the same with literature. Compact emotional time and trouble savers are issued cheaply, and in appalling quantities. Rapturously, we live between paper covers. The unavoidable, actual life that, despite ourselves, we still produce, is merely pale imitation, a ragged afterbirth. 'Art' has displaced reality. Naturally. 'Art' is salable. And in an age when the buying power of the individual is of greater importance than the individual, the product is greater than the truth.

Larger than life, easily assimilated, glittering with an unearthly, sugary radiance, ready to buy—'popular art' has solved the problem of existence. No. trouble. No energy required. Merely the ability to see and listen, to triumph in images, to live through shadows. Everything ready-made. Emotion provided in small, vicariously dynamic pills, to be taken after the office, nightly. No stress, no battle, no victory to be won. And the mind left free for its dirty game of swindling.

Mummified experience. That is what we are given. Dead draughts of fossilized life. The posters and the newspapers tell us it is real. We believe them, for they are the trumpets of the only God.

Sometimes, queer rustlings and promptings of the soul buried in us make us uneasy. Momentarily, perhaps, we doubt. But not for long. We are part of the deception until it cracks. We are deceived unto death.

And yet there is hope for us. 'Art' has given us the slick, suave efficiency of vicarious life. Art can recall reality to us.

False 'art' must be countered by true art. Our decent, buried soul must be resurrected. But we have come to live by images. Logic is nonsense, truth is useless, to us. What we must

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have to save us from a final grave of nullity is different imagery. The imagery of truth. We must be shocked into reality as we have been drugged into falsity. There is only one way in which it can be done. Through art.

If we are not persuaded, we shall have to be dragged, straining, unwilling, vehemently obstinate. And, to the last, unconvinced. Because we are dead, and obedient as sheep, you are apt to label us insignificant. But our death is the deadness of a dead weight. We may live in obstinacy yet. It is better that we should be obediently revolutionary than 'respectably' defensive. Our weight is real, and, in the social revolution, it may tip the scales to a fresh perdition, unless our redemption is achieved in time. 'Art' is our present drug and consolation. Art can be our new salvation.

Persuasive art. Art that reveals, that hammers and sings at us. Art that will make us remember the lost decency in us, that will make the buried decency rise up and live like a god.

This, then, is the function of the artist to-day. To procreate truth in the minds of the middle class. The blankly receptive, passively obedient middle class. Not individual, but universal truth. The truth of the body, of suffering, and of peace. The truth of the real mind, heart, and spirit. The truth of sacrifice and the truth of desire. Not 'intellectual' truth, but common truth. Truth that can live beyond the limits of its art form.

To substitute reality for the poisonous shadow of vicarious example. To teach men that suffering life is a better thing than pondering its ghost.

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This short story, laid in Paris after the next war has been followed by a series of revolutions, describes how an average citizen passes his day of rest.

After *the* DELUGE

By Pierre Dominique

Translated from *Vu*
Paris Topical Monthly

A MAN who is now known simply as Dupont, having been within the course of a few years known as M. Paul Dupont and then as Citizen Dupont, has just rolled out of bed. It is his day of rest and this doctor of philosophy is proud because he holds a job as municipal street cleaner. He is badly paid in paper currency that gets worth less and less every day. But everybody is in the same boat and, besides, his job entitles him to a bread card, a meat card, a coal card, and a permit to keep his lodgings. Thus he acquires a certain authority. Of his former small apartment he is allowed to keep only his bedroom and his dressing room, the new laws having forced him to share it with his former servant, who has installed herself in the other rooms with her husband and two children.

But Dupont has no cause for complaint. This woman does his cooking and mends his clothes. He is lucky. She allows him to warm himself in winter in front of the fire, provided, of course, he brings with him the remains of some bench that he has stolen from a park. Dupont greedily attacks some morsels of food left over from the night before. He shaves himself with an old razor that he must have inherited from his grandfather and economizes on soap so much that it hurts. He puts on a shirt. This is one of his sources of pride, for everybody has not got one, but he has no drawers or socks. His jacket is made of a poor grade of flannel and does n't fit him very well because he got it on the Pont-Neuf in exchange for a pocketknife, but his trousers are of durable corduroy. Moreover, he possesses an excellent ulster for winter weather. His shoes, unfortunately, are beginning to wear out. This is one of his chief preoccupations.

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While dressing he goes to the window. It has no more curtains, for he cut them up to use as towels. Two panes are broken and he has replaced them with two pieces of yellow cardboard. The street is overflowing with a noisy mob. Donkeys loaded with wood are making their way among people pulling carts. Old men and women push old baby carriages full of children. Bargaining, shouting, laughter, insults, and the barking of dogs. It is a peculiar kind of noise, a tumult in which human and animal voices predominate, quite different from that other noise which Dupont is sometimes able to resuscitate from the depths of his memory, the harmonious hubbub of long ago made up of roaring engines, automobile horns, and the occasional shriek of brakes.

Quick. Time presses. He casts a melancholy glance at the bathroom. Dupont does not bathe there any more. Water no longer flows through the pipes. You have to go down to the garage to fetch it. The water carriers' union has been revived. After spending five minutes shaving over his wash basin he looks for something that he might be able to sell in order to stay his hunger. How many of his books are left? But book lovers are hard to find. How about his alarm clock? Yes. He does n't need one any more, but he does need a pair of shoes. So he will trade his alarm clock. Then there is a cut-glass bowl that might be used as a salad dish, and there is that big curtain two and a half yards wide and five yards long that might be made into a magnificent suit. Good. He'll take the curtain to a little tailor that he knows. The rest he will exchange on the open market for things that he needs.

II

The stairway was dirty but nobody noticed any more. The carpet had been made into clothes, and the copper bars that had held it in place had also been taken away. The elevator had stopped running and a worker and his wife and child lived in it. They found it not so bad. A horde of homeless people had thrown themselves into the garage below. The house they had lived in had burned down and they had organized themselves like a tribe, electing a leader who negotiated directly with the municipality. At the moment they were clustered about several fires. The whole garage reeked with the smell of bad meat and fish. It was dark with smoke and the walls resounded with shouts.

The boulevard Saint-Germain had been entirely taken over by pedestrians, who flowed all over the street. There were few buses and fewer streetcars than there used to be. Not many automobiles, but quite a number of carriages. People were crossing the street everywhere without fear. The sidewalks were submerged with shops doing a lively business and with vendors selling everything under the sun —paper, soap, needles, thread, newspapers, fruit. The wares they were crying were often reduced to a string of onions or ten spools of thread, which they were offering in their outstretched hands.

Dupont walked down the rue de Seine to his tailor, whom he found in tears. His cloth had been requisitioned and there was talk of organizing a collective store in his shop. Dupont did not wait. He took his curtain with him and departed, walking along the quays. People were still offering

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things for sale there and they still called themselves *bouquinistes* but they no longer confined themselves to selling books. The booths contained onions, carrots, beans, linen, plates, blankets, knives, and shoes that overflowed on to the parapet and even on to the sidewalk. This array of bric-à-brac extended as far as the place de la Concorde.

A whole battalion of soldiers were lined up in front of the gare d'Orsay, commanded by a man with a beard who was shouting in a very loud voice. Dupont discovered that they were setting out to make requisitions in the direction of Chartres.

'It is n't always easy,' a sergeant told Dupont. 'As far as Versailles it is all right, but by the time you get to Chartres it does n't even do any good to burn their barns when they are not reasonable. These imbecile peasants do not understand the public interest.'

Passing by the Palais-Bourbon, he remembered one of his friends, a refugee from the north who had installed himself with several hundred other people in this abandoned legislative hall. Families were living in the offices and other separate rooms, while the bachelors had grouped themselves on the floor and in the galleries of the semicircular auditorium where the deputies used to meet. There were five or six hundred of them. Each one occupied three deputies' seats. The desks served as cupboards and the benches as beds. Dupont found the hall littered with suitcases, packages, and greasy newspapers. Groups of men were eating, drinking, arguing, and playing cards in tremendous confusion around some brasiers. Most of them were not very happy and complained about the lack of air. To mitigate their distress they agreed that the auditorium was made for a theatre and from time to time they put on shows there. As it happened, Dupont's friend had gone out. In his place on the right centre there was only his dog, who growled and showed his teeth.

III

In the place de la Concorde an army of carriages lined the sidewalk. Each one served as a shop loaded with fruit and vegetables and the crowd moved among them, making that busy, joyful noise common to all markets. Dupont walked across the square grumbling. He had nothing to do in the vegetable market or on the Champs-Élysées, where there was a strange kind of live-stock market. Poultry and rabbits were offered for sale, for many Parisians were raising rabbits and feeding them on alfalfa, clover, and carrot tops grown in parts of the Bois de Boulogne that had been cleared or in the Cours-la-Reine. Sparrows, pigeons, dogs, cats, and rats were also offered for sale. Fattened rats were the most popular thing on the market, together with highly seasoned *pâté de rat*, which had a delicious taste.

The gardens of the Louvre and of the Luxembourg, the parc Montceau, in fact, all the parks and squares in Paris had been put under cultivation and converted into vegetable plots. Offices had been opened in the palaces, in the Hôtel Crillon, in the Ministry of Marine, and in the Museum, where nothing very interesting remained. But poor refugees had taken the offices by storm and whole families and tribes had installed themselves there. Thrown out every week, they

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returned through the windows. There was not a single public building in Paris that did not harbor its miserable quota. The air bombardment of the city, the civil war, and the fires had reduced a large part of the capital to ruins. Many streets had been blocked by falling buildings. Blackened or shattered façades jutted out in every direction. Rain fell inside the Louvre. The Arc de Triomphe was reduced to a mass of crumbling stone. The broken façade of the Opéra, which had been ruined by fire, exposed its bare girders, while inside was a black waste, vaguely covered with grass here and there and traversed at night by the uncertain shadows of drunkards who raised bawdy songs to the moon in the shattered temple of music.

The market for clothes and cloth was in the place de la Madeleine. Dupont arrived there with his curtain over his shoulder and began to walk up and down, resting his eye on everything for which he might be able to make a trade. His bowl and alarm clock raised but little interest; the curtain a lot. People felt it. They bargained. Dupont held on to his goods.

'It is worth millions,' he said. 'I would n't give it up for a sack of potatoes.'

First he was offered a little cartload of onions. He refused. Then two small goats. He refused. After four hours of bargaining he exchanged his alarm clock for a Swiss knife with fourteen blades and his famous curtain, which he said would make two whole suits of clothing, for a little sack of rice, a little sack of potatoes, and an excellent pair of hunting shoes that would last him two years.

He was laden down like a donkey. He began by putting on his new shoes so they would not be stolen and hanging his old ones over his shoulder. Then he left his provisions with a friend and, carrying in his arms the infernal bowl, which he had not been able to get rid of, he went to collect what was owed him for his newspaper articles. For this intellectual was not content with sweeping the streets. In the evening, after he had returned from work, he wrote stories for the newspapers. Now, in payment for two of them, he was given two million francs in thousand-franc notes.

'I might as well write for nothing,' he said. 'What do you expect me to do with your paper money?'

The cashier raised his arms. There was nothing he could do about it. But because his wife wanted a salad dish he consented to accept the cut-glass bowl in exchange for a small bottle of ink. Dupont had lunch in a state restaurant, for nearly all the others refused to accept payment in paper money, although it was supposed to be good everywhere.

IV

In the restaurant he got talking with a neighbor whose ferretlike eyes and too piercing glance escaped his attention. The man made a motion with his chin in the direction of Dupont's newspaper and said, 'What's happening abroad?'

Dupont launched into explanations. 'Who knows? First, what is abroad? We hear that there is a conflict here and a war there. A siege, a battle. We once spoke of France, then of the United States of Europe, then of the workers' government, then of the Commune. How far does our Com-

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mune's power go? People are talking about Melun, but the truth is that there is fighting at Melun. The people of the south, including Marseille, are independent. The government at Bourges seems to have made a treaty with Japan concerning certain islands in the Pacific. Get that—the government at Bourges. But our Commune declares that it owns those islands. Marvelous, is n't it? Once it was easy for the first imbecile who came along to be a citizen and easier still for the first nation that came along to be a state.'

'Are you going to vote to-morrow?' asked the man.

'Ridiculous! I, vote? Why should I? The only thing that worries me is whether we shall have anything to eat to-morrow.' Dupont raised his eyes and began laughing, but the man's face frightened him. He said to himself that the man was surely a spy and he saw himself being shot at the Lobau barracks.

'Come to think of it,' he growled, rubbing his chin, 'I shall vote to-morrow. Yes. Those islands are ours, are n't they, comrade?'

'Yes,' said the man, pointing to Dupont's knife. 'What a good knife you have there, comrade.'

'Do you want it?' said Dupont. 'I have two. Take it. We must help each other.'

'Gladly,' said the man, taking it and departing.

'That was a lucky escape,' Dupont said to himself. 'I did n't pay too high a price. I said what came into my head. That rascal could have arrested me. Happily he was open to bribery.'

He whistled to the waiter, who came dragging his feet and asking for a million francs. Dupont paid him and gave him a hundred-thousand-franc tip, for which he received no thanks. He then walked idly through the streets. They were not in good repair. The winter before the wooden paving blocks had disappeared. In other places the macadam had cracked and big holes had appeared. There were only a few buses. The street-cars ran the best and next to them the subways, but no new tunnels had been made and there were not so many trains as there used to be. Several lines had been abandoned and their stations had turned into villages where crowds of Parisians had installed themselves.

Many houses had fallen into disrepair. On the boulevard des Italiens, which had become the boulevard de la Révolution—though no one knew which revolution was meant—two houses had remained unfinished, and miserable people were living in the half-built structures. The homeless had penetrated every abandoned apartment, like cuckoos installing themselves in the nests of other birds. Sometimes the doors, the furniture, and the flooring had been carried off for firewood. Dupont, being used to all this disorder, looked dully at its outstanding manifestations. Certain houses in which citizens were living had been barricaded like forts. Barricades sometimes blocked a whole street or surrounded a whole quarter that was subject to local authorities who defied the state. The sewers were in bad order and smelt of everything that they contained. In this vast caravanserai the thief and the assassin were kings.

There were no big factories in Paris any more, but a multitude of little establishments, almost more individual

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workers, and many artisans. Life was much less syncopated than it used to be. Most of the inhabitants were rather thin. There were no more big stomachs, and people had a tense, aggressive air and a hard look, like animals on the watch. Children were running through the streets because the schools had been requisitioned to house refugees. They went in bands and made a magnificent success of thieving.

V

With his million under his arm, Dupont hesitated between the cinema and the club. He decided against the club, having, he said, eaten his fill of politics. The plays that were being performed seemed to him too symbolic and too sad. Therefore in despair he threw himself into a cinema. On leaving the cinema he drank a little and played a game of cards in a café. When he arrived near the gare du Nord he heard a great noise. A child ran past carrying in his arms something wrapped up in a dirty cloth. His mouth was open and he was shouting for joy. Dupont seized him by the shoulder. A bit of coal fell into the street. 'Coal,' cried Dupont.

Releasing the struggling child, he ran toward the station. It was almost empty except for two unfortunate locomotives out of which smoke was pouring. Far away at the other end of the station an immense crowd was milling about making a great noise that sometimes rose to a high pitch. People ran past Dupont, who clenched his teeth and ran as fast as he could. He was passed by younger men but kept his place with those of his own age, sprinting for all he was worth. An enormous pile of coal lay beside the track. A train had arrived an hour ago and had unloaded on the spot. Dupont turned his head. Behind him a crowd was arriving and several policemen had already appeared. He leaped forward, knocked over two women, received a blow on the head, but did not even look around. Taking off his jacket in the twinkling of an eye, he filled it full of coal and then fled. He was just in time. The police arrived and deployed. Dupont threw himself on the ground with his coal beneath him and shots rang out. The crowd dispersed, shouting, and two or three dead bodies were left on the ground. Dupont laughed at seeing a man who had been wounded in the hip go limping along crying out with pain but still holding on to his coal.

Evening fell. Dupont went to get his sack of rice. He gave his friend a hatful of coal and went home on foot. Passing by the Hôtel de Ville, he found the square packed with people. Armed men were lined up. Dupont recognized the soldiers he had seen that morning. They were battered, tired, and dirty. People gathered round to learn the details of the expedition.

'Nothing can be done,' one of the soldiers finally grumbled. 'The peasant remains obstinate. He won't sow any more. You find half his land lying fallow. And what he does sow he keeps for himself. If you come too soon the wheat is not thrashed, it is not even ripe. If you come too late it has disappeared. To-day we came too late. The wheat was cut, thrashed, and stored, God knows where. Ten miles from Chartres people even shot at us.'

From the Hôtel de Ville came a rather loud noise. The crowd was

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beating against the doors. Finally one of them gave way. Dupont joined several hundred other curious people and arrived in the hall just as the debate ended. The uniformed commander of the battalion was standing at the bar of the Council of the Paris Commune. Dupont recognized him by his little black beard.

'Answer yes or no,' said the president. 'Did you say you would find wheat?'

The man did not reply.

'Did you find any?'

The man shrugged his shoulders.

'Arrest him,' said the president. 'The revolutionary tribunal will pass judgment.'

The officer, suddenly apoplectic with rage, shouted insults. The crowd called him a traitor and a thief, overwhelmed the guard, and poured into the room. Belabored by the gun butts of soldiers who ran from every direction, Dupont was thrown out, not knowing whether the stupid officer had been killed on the spot.

On the square the soldiers were talking and smoking around their stacked guns. The crowd around them increased and shouted without rhyme or reason. Dupont left the scene, for he took no interest in the question. To him the big point was to dine in a free restaurant where he knew he could get wine. Before serving him the patron looked anxious, but, seeing him loaded with rice and coal, he gave Dupont a good place near an open window. After finishing his dessert, Dupont naturally tried to pay in paper money, but the proprietor pointed his finger at the rice. They finally agreed on two bowls, which seemed too much to Dupont, whose bill, it is true, included a bottle of wine that had caused him to be treated like a bourgeois by one neighbor and like a '*sale Boche*' by another.

While eating, Dupont dreamed of his youth and, closing his eyes, thought he was again sitting down at the tables of yesterday. How many comrades had died since the great adventure had begun. All his own friends. He had a child, but it was in the country with its grandparents. If he could only succeed in seeing them. Some months ago he had set himself up with a woman who was not bad, but one day she had left him. Bah! The important thing was to have health and strength. In this terrible life that people had led since the Gas War the weak could not stand the strain. But he would survive. No doubt about that. He felt strong and able to endure the worst misery with his revolver in his pocket. When he rose to go he took with him the bread he had not eaten to give to a beggar, and when two of them came up Dupont divided it between them. But when two more came he chased them away, kicking at them.

Fortified by this feat, he pursued his way. Passing by Notre-Dame, he heard liturgical music coming out of the darkness that was dotted here and there by the soft glow of candles. 'Things have not changed,' he said to himself. 'The same struggle for life, only a little more bitter. The same beggars, only a few more of them. The same believers, only a little more determined to destroy each other.'

For his part, he remained an agnostic. He had disapproved of the persecutions. Now nobody persecuted any more. When liberty returned many different sects flourished. Three religions were installed even in Notre-Dame: the 'Roman,' the religion of

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the head of the Church of France, and the new religion that disapproved of the worship of images. Each one had a portion of the church at its disposition. Moreover, they lived in peace.

VI

Night was falling. The street lamps were not lit any more. The boulevard soon became black as ink and deserted. When Dupont reached the corner of his street, under a broken lamp, three women surrounded him. 'Whatever you want,' they said to him, 'provided you take us with you.' They were two sisters and a friend. Dupont brusquely excused himself. He could not install a harem where he was. They insisted, recognizing in him a man who would always have enough to eat. He refused to take the three of them but looked closely at the one with the darkest hair and found desire rising up within him. Finally, while the two others followed at a distance like hungry dogs, Dupont and the brunette threw themselves on to a vague piece of ground that had once been the chestnut-shaded courtyard of the Saint-Sulpice Seminary. There he knew—as the Bible puts it—this rather thin girl and, finally, as he was about to leave, gloriously proposed paying her in money, for he had plenty of it in his pocket.

'Here are a hundred thousand francs. You won't complain about that.'

But she threw his money in his face and began to cry, 'Keep your dirty money. What do you expect me to do with it?' She kept on crying louder all the time.

'Be nice,' she finally said. 'Give me a little of your rice.'

He demurred for a while but finally gave her three fistfuls, while she danced for joy.

But he made a mistake to let himself saunter along thinking of the pleasure he had enjoyed instead of keeping alert and on guard. As he turned a corner of the street he suddenly felt a sack descend over his head. The cry that he tried to utter was stifled by a strong hand while three or four more powerful hands seized his shoulders and legs. In less than no time he was gagged, thrown on the ground, and so thoroughly kicked and punched that he pretended to be dead for fear of being killed. His attackers threw him into a doorway and took his jacket, shirt, trousers, and shoes, and, of course, the provisions that he was carrying. But when they came to the money they laughed very loud and let him have it. 'Keep it. You can buy a newspaper with it.' They also left the sack on his head.

When he succeeded in removing it Dupont was alone. The big city had swallowed the brigands. He put the money in the sack. Nine big packages, nearly a million. Enough to buy something a little better than a newspaper, two bowls of rice, perhaps, enough to eat to-morrow. Dupont, stark naked, his money under his arm, his key in his hand, hastened toward his room. A bad day.

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One of Spain's foremost writers who ranks with Ortega and belongs to the famous 'generation of '98' analyzes humor in the abstract and the form it takes in various different countries.

A Spaniard on HUMOR

By Ramón Gómez de la Serna

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*
Berlin International Monthly

It is no easy task to define the conception of humor in a few words. It is at once a negative antidote composed of the most varied ingredients and a positive affirmation of the sense of life renewing itself.

Whenever the *Zeitgeist* enters a new phase, humor proclaims an unending feast day. It celebrates the funeral and strikes the last hour of everything that has been grafted on to life, of everything that has developed falsely. Then, when the great new deceptions of the next era are finally formed, humor seems about to expire. But actually it is the only light that shines on the eternal battlefield over which it rises again as the dawn of reason.

Humor is the soundest position one can take toward the fluctuations of life. It is an unyielding devotion to reason. It overcomes fear and must continue to do so again and again. This is of the utmost importance, for everyone knows that fear is the worst counselor in life, making men obstinate and full of preconceived ideas.

Every seemingly absolute personality that we succeed in achieving for ourselves always irritates us and therefore must be split apart. We must get out of ourselves and discover whether we can understand what is going on around us better when we look at things from without or when we look at them from within. Only sublime humor understands that everything is or can be optional and does not have to be taken for what it is, or even for precisely what it is not. It assumes that in this world of relativity the opposite of everything is possible, even though that opposite cannot be substantiated by reason.

Humor does not want to reform or

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instruct. It is slightly bitter, like a person who knows that everything is futile. It is not so much a form of literature as a form of life—or rather an attitude toward life. For humor shows the reverse side of everything: the grotesque shadow of the earnest flag-waver and the bitter earnestness of the grotesque shadow. It makes truth and falsehood relations by marriage. The primary function of humor seems to be to produce laughter. It brings forward its hero as a comic figure, but only in order to transform his rôle and finally turn the proceedings into a tremendous tragedy that nevertheless seems grotesque.

Humor is the great chemist who knows the formula of every solution, and though he is not always loved—indeed the great magician is often violently opposed by the wielders of power—this opposition is not caused by his anti-social and anti-political attitude. Humor is not cynicism. It is closest to us when our soul is most sensitive and says to us at such times, 'Now at last this world is about to be explained to you.' At such moments, when we see what is going to happen as if it had already occurred, although it has actually not yet become recognizable in clear outline, humor is the ideal bridge of understanding.

The artist who devotes himself to humor renounces problems that are insoluble and that are perhaps not even problems but merely false views of life seen fragmentarily. Of course, old, humorless styles of writing are still defended to-day because there has always been an alliance between the camp followers of literature and literary critics. The reader, however, disdains such literature more and more because its monotony and pretentiousness bore him. The modern reader is outspoken in his fondness for humor. He even sees humor where it is not and smiles over every page.

The real function of the humorist must be to make his humor seem a miracle of personal naturalness through poetic inspiration. The humorist must therefore take care not to let either the comic or the ironic element take precedence. Inborn kindness must suffuse the whole mixture. His theme must move him deeply if he wants to make other people laugh or to wreak destruction with his wit. In humor the clown and the eccentric are mingled with the melancholic, who bears a resemblance to both. The result is a tragedy without crime or bloodshed, a ballet including all kinds of people, things, and facts on the scene of action.

The best description of a humorist that was ever written shows him trying to seek relief from boredom. He seeks advice from doctors, wise men, and friends until someone finally advises him to consult a certain humorous writer of great popularity.

'Impossible,' replies the poor humorist. 'Quite useless.'

'And why?'

'Because I am he.'

Somebody has observed that women take no pleasure in humor and possess none. They are too much accustomed to crying, and humor is the capacity to avoid tears. It will be a long time before women learn to laugh over what now makes them cry. Only the exceptional woman understands the humorist, while the average woman can never tell whether a comedian or a tragic poet is speaking. She

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understands the comic and the dramatic passages, but it puzzles her not to know when one ends and the other begins—a situation in which she finds herself placed by humor, which transcends both these elements and creates a third substance of its own that scorns the other two. The woman who prefers tragic scenes and the one who enjoys comedy are both bored and feel themselves lost in a situation that annihilates all possibilities for dramatic and comic coquetry alike.

II

Let us now analyze like a chemist the elements that are mingled together in humor and that go to make up a something distinct from all its component parts. The grotesque content amounts to an invisibly minute percentage. It is a fatal habit to regard the grotesque as something unworthy and ordinary. The Philistine, of course, does not agree with this verdict. He esteems only his own forms of thought and considers all others as worthless. The grotesque is something stupendous, an extraordinary recognition of how sublime everything human can become when it attains a certain peak. But one must eschew any cheap, mechanical grotesqueness that makes merely a decorative appeal. Sarcasm should be injected into the very roots of the composition, but with a mixture of roguishness to remove the sting of pepper. The clown must not do more than flit across the scene like a passing shadow, for the clown is the grotesque dressed in underwear. Pathos must lose its own color in the mixture, but it must not be lacking. Then, to all this must be added a pinch of epic burlesque mixed with an undetermined amount of unadulterated chaos and with the kind of observations one makes with an open eye.

As we have seen, everything that imitates humor remains remote from it: wit, which is retail humor; puns, which are mechanized humor; subtlety, in which only plaintive folk indulge; and scorn and contempt, which never believe what they say but relentlessly insist on laughter, as humor never does. Satire includes a moralizing element, which explains why it always contains so much apparently impious impertinence. It is a sharp corrective which criticizes life itself.

Humor is slim and slender, but irony is flabby and has no element of feverish inspiration or intellectual enthusiasm. According to Littré, 'irony is a dog that shows its teeth and cannot bite,' and Pelayo González has said that it is 'a frost which freezes into needles.' Irony is a rather shameless mixture. It is an artificially furbished paradox, whereas humor is a completely serious contradiction born of life itself. Irony always needs a partner for its malicious mysteriousness. Humor knows no accomplices. It stands for what it says, not looking to the right or left, not seeking any support but dwelling in the same brave solitude with artistic masterpieces and imperishable literature. Irony has a French quality, an insulting tone. The hurts it inflicts are irreparable because it lacks the seriousness and depth that enable one to forget an injury. The thing that prevented Anatole France from taking root in Spain, that prejudiced the outstanding Spanish critics against the writers of France, that militated

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against the value of their work was always that underlying element of superiority contained in irony. The ironist himself never enters the arena in which he attacks everything else. He stands to one side and whispers to everybody whom he considers as superior as he himself. Irony is malicious. And, even though it presupposes a certain amount of refinement, ultimately it reveals a weak spirit.

In what is considered comic one always discovers an element of cruelty, an exploitation of the helpless plight of the ridiculous victim. Many consider that laughter is the basis of all humor. But neither what is laughable nor what is comic have anything to do with real humor, which drapes itself over everything like an ultimate veil. The humorist must never be confused with the clown. That would be a crime of lese-majesty, for humor is a superhuman king endowed with authentic power. Real humor was never synonymous with laughter, for laughter is just as sporadic a manifestation as sneezing. Sensitiveness vanishes when we laugh at something comic, but humor preserves our sensitiveness from being swallowed up by the merely comic. Seneca said: 'Laugh, but do not laugh too loud.' I shall go further in my recommendation, which applies directly to humor but scorns irony, and say, 'Laugh, but do not smile.'

III

Because our ideas of humor can always be enriched by assembling various opinions on the subject, I have patiently collected a number of definitions. Lipps calls humor 'the sublimation of the comedian through the comic.' Jean Paul says that 'humor is the bird, Merceps, who flies tail first through the heavens, or a juggler standing on his head, emptying his glass.'

Revilla regards humor as the ultimate tip of the lyric frozen to ice. Its point is the moment at which the writer asserts himself with all his energy in his complete subjectivity, thus frequently placing himself in opposition to all society. Pirandello, who is more representative of modern cleverness and hence has a better understanding of humor, says: 'Humor is a form of logic as fine as hair. Humorists are logicians who possess an absurd way of talking and regard the picture of life from a special point of view. Humor is a fine, finger-tipped sensitiveness to all contradictions, a two-faced Janus, one of whose faces laughs while the other sheds tears.'

Bergson, on the other hand, says, 'Humor is a moral preacher clad in the vestments of a wise man,' and, with complete misunderstanding, triumphantly goes on to define the comic element as a kind of numbness, a peculiar distortion that seizes upon animate and inanimate objects, a transformation of human beings into mechanical types. And God knows how many other false symptoms he adduces. Those theorists who consider the comic element as nothing but a form of representation that debases the sublime to mediocrity have no conception of the purifying atmosphere that laughter brings forth when it surrounds us. They do not realize that everything great is actually mediocre or that humor struggles against everything, against practical morality as well as against ideal morality.

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Creative writers have come closer than theorists to formulating this difficult definition, and Gautier has said that the comic is the logic of the absurd. Laughter is more mysterious than the pain that manifests itself in laughter at its peak.

The secret of humor has also escaped the philosophers. Spencer once said that laughter is the reaction to a tension that suddenly sees itself on the verge of nothingness. Kant, in similar fashion, explained that laughter occurred when something that one had expected to happen unexpectedly vanished into nothingness. But Mack Sennett answered these patronizing statements by saying that an onion can make a person cry but that the vegetable that makes people laugh has not yet been discovered.

Pavlovski has written: 'Humor is an exact feeling for the relativity of all things and a perpetual criticism of everything that considers itself finally established. It is an open door to new possibilities and without it no intellectual progress is conceivable. Every conclusion contains an element of intellectual death. Humor never makes a final statement, and this negative quality, which has displeased so many people, is the great boon that humor offers us, for it has to do with the limitations of our knowledge.' Then he continues: 'Laughter in itself is not humor. Laughter is a social court of judgment that tries and sentences absurdities, measuring them with a fixed norm. Humor does not stand in the service of society but of the gods, and it reveals to us the impact of the visible upon the invisible, or at least gives us an inkling of it. Humor cannot gratify those who are arrogant in their certainty. It is the nerve of an intelligence that has wings, an ever new pain, because the spirit, whenever it opens its wings, wounds them on the bars of its cage.' The sublime humorist is the last living man who, after all civilizations have expired, confronts the world's final hour.

IV

The humorist is happiest under the clear sky of Spain. He adapts himself most easily to that atmosphere. The Spaniard enjoys an unalloyed sense of life and has no external ambitions, no international or colonial yearnings. This nation seems to be concerned solely with refining its sensibility and with discovering the meaning of life and death.

When somebody asked Quevedo what he would consider the happiest moment of his life, he replied, 'The last.' The Spaniard lives off counter statements. When the words, 'Morir habemus,' are chanted he replies in a carnival spirit, 'Ya lo sabemos.'

Our funerals are often real celebrations, to judge from their purely festive inner meaning. They are moments when life appears to us in its true setting. Humor must be that assertion of inescapable reality which occurs at festivals and funerals alike. It is a final commentary on this life and is always preparing the world for a decorous death. The dance of death is very popular in Spain and provokes genuine and widespread enthusiasm. Throughout the whole country this tragi-comic dance takes its revenge on kings, bishops, and usurers.

The moments of the most sublime humor always occur at the edge of the grave. They cannot be surpassed. Many great men have given examples

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of this heroic attitude toward death. Socrates jested more heartily than ever before his own death.' He remembered that he owed somebody a chicken and asked his wife, who was lamenting his innocence, 'Well, would you have me die guilty—of debt?' Rabelais's last words were: 'I have nothing, I owe nothing, and the rest I leave to the poor. Ring down the curtain. The comedy is over.'

Death-bed humor often makes its appearance in Spain. When the vicar of Villanueva was angrily urging the dying Quevedo to make a change in his will so that there would be enough money to pay for music and entertainment at the funeral, the great humorist replied, 'Let whoever hears the music pay for it,' and turned over and died. A certain Spanish *caballero* was about to bid the world farewell when a persistent friend whose conversation was terrifically boring came to call. The dying man stood it as well as he could but finally the last moment arrived and he said to his guest, 'With your kind permission I now breathe my last,' and turned his face to the wall.

In Spain there are many suicides who kill themselves merely 'because they want to,' as they say in their last letters. For a long time the people of Madrid bade a final farewell to their dead on the Plaza de la Alegría, the Square of Joy, thus creating one of the most beautiful of paradoxes. Spanish beggars achieve a certain dignity in their poverty through the humor with which they beg and describe their misery. They make fun of their own hardship and thus come by more generous gifts. Spanish humor is a mysterious capacity for lamentation without the cowardice that often goes hand in hand with complaint.

Juvenal was not the first Spanish humorist. In his time there was too much credulous midday brightness in the world for his epigrammatic style to have been anything else than satirical. Arcipreste is an amusing conversationalist who prefers funny stories to anything else. Yet one can discover a certain element of contemptuousness in the amusing contrasts he draws. The *Celestina* and the picaresque tale are forms of humor that grew up in the countryside. Cervantes and Hurtado de Mendoza followed this line, and finally Quevedo, who brought pure, succulent humor of high quality to the city and the court.

Goya included a humorous element in all his work, in his carnival pictures as well as in his portrait of the royal family, which seems equally transfused with reverence and humor. The walls of his house on the bank of the Manzanares he decorated with scenes from the dance of death and pictures of gossiping grandmothers. These strange murals also included representations of a witches' sabbath, of market wives, and shameless scenes of love. Goya's etchings are the style book and the dictionary of Spanish humor.

Sylverio Lanza, one of the purest humorists, divided men, like almonds, into the bitter and the sweet, the latter being those whom he considered to be endowed with humor. After a century of rhetoric he was the first man to bring forth humorous witticisms. He put on his top hat and went out walking with his godchild, whom he held by the hand in order, he said,

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to be able to find him again in case he got lost in the crowd. Azorín uses humor in every direction that he takes. It is inherent in his style and in the way he depicts things. But only in his best pages does Baroja approach humor. Unamuno would be a poor devil if he had not written *Nivolas* and his humorous paradoxes. Valle Inclán reached his peak when he abandoned his elegant lanes and Italian parks that border on the grotesque and devoted himself to the open road. Without attempting to force his æsthetics into a theoretic doctrine, Valle Inclán still recognizes in his old age that the style of Spain is a dance step that is out of time.

V

The *h*-less 'umorismo' of Italy is always artistically composed, like a little comedy and, like everything Italian, is divided into classes. There is always a compositive, decorative element and always the heroic tone and discipline of the country's classic tradition.

North American humor is a sound native growth of which Thackeray said: 'A humorous writer is one who can awake and arouse our love and pity for the weak and our contempt for lies and hypocrisy.' North American humor wears sport clothes. Its jokes are as well prepared as if they had gone through a course of training.

Apart from exceptions, which are more numerous in France than in any other country, so much so that the flower of French humor can almost be described as an exception, French humor consists of a standard humorous game that is always conducted in the tone of a dinner party. The French humorist always takes the form of an old duffer to whom belief in hierarchy is holy. French humor cannot rise above irony and is never anything more than a part of something else. It always lacks an inner life of its own. French humor cannot wage victorious war against an utterly humorless *milieu*. North American humor, on the other hand, has the advantage of dwelling in completely humorous surroundings.

English humor phlegmatically avoids the most dynamic problems of life. It also often takes a completely false yet apparently appropriate point of view toward serious questions. Bernard Shaw, for instance, once wrote as follows on the advantages of a vegetarian diet: 'Moreover, fruit has the wonderful advantage of containing seeds, and you only need to plant one of them to cause a new tree to grow. But bury a lamb chop in the ground and nothing will sprout.'

The only contact between English and Spanish humor lies in the most noble literature of the two countries. Shakespeare's melancholy fools and much of *Hamlet* could have been created in Spain and can be rediscovered there in our rebellious princes and rogues. One of the most genuine humorists who ever lived was Oscar Wilde. When he said that the only way not to be forgotten by a shopkeeper was not to pay one's bill, he stimulated a bitter smile against everything pertaining to brilliance and fame.

German humor is usually graphic and laid on thick. It is more pungent than that of any other nation. But sometimes it sings an emotional melody of the purest, most sublime humor, as in the case of Heine, who

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wrote real symphonies in humor that go to the depths of our hearts.

The best element in Russian literature, the only thing that allows it to escape from its monotonous, hidebound framework, is its humor, which lifts it into the upper air and frees it from its element of heaviness. In almost all his work, but especially in *The Idiot* and *The Eternal Husband*, Dostoievski introduces heroic types in the midst of tragic situations to counterbalance his women, who are preoccupied with suffering and passion, and these comic characters dance through all his work. Their curious gestures and strange appearance make them tragic buffoons who stand out in sharp contrast to the dark background of all the rest of his writing.

In short, all contemporary writers achieve salvation by introducing humor when their conflicts come to a head. To-day nobody dares to picture any one theme with too much seriousness and credulity without letting himself be controlled by humor.

VI

Humor also appears in modern poetry. In seeking to achieve superrealism certain young poets have attained a high degree of superhumor. With intense, poetic power they evolve comparisons full of humorous imagination and a thousand impossibilities. Cubism, dadaism, and *surréalisme*, all the modern 'isms' contain an extraordinary kind of humor that is neither ridicule, jest, nor concealed malice but pure poetry and honest reasoning. Contemporary art cannot divorce itself from humor, for all its inner intensity.

Now that the period of pure artistic representation has passed, art has a tendency not to let itself be bound down by scenic considerations and rebels against forms that have become meaningless and misleading. It refuses to imitate and therefore indulges its desire for originality and inventive power in paradox and humor. The cinema has suddenly become a great school for contemporary humor. Life has influenced the screen, but the screen has taken its revenge and in its turn has influenced life, millions of people having been affected by Charlie Chaplin. Overserious individuals have seen themselves reflected in the film as in a mirror and have changed their outward appearance and their inner soul to conform with what they have seen displayed before them. Nobody wears big, curling moustaches any more but only little ones, humorously cut. The dignified German has had his whole nature changed by this trivial detail.

The humorist presses forward to confront the great contrast that the world will exhibit to its present state of warmth when after many æons it has turned cold and surveys with a toothless smile other worlds teeming with life. Thus the humorist has a presentiment of the end of all things and establishes here and now some real understanding with eternal chaos.

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An Austrian engineer who has lived in China for years reveals the daily lives of the people and their tribulations.

Slavery *in* CHINA

By H. R. Gola

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*
Vienna Conservative Daily

AUTOMOBILES speed along smooth asphalt roads. Huge locomotives pull sleeping cars the length and breadth of the land. It took me only one day to fly from Peking to Shanghai in the most modern type of airplane, while below on the eternal battlefields of China machine guns were rattling and bombs of the most modern type were exploding. The modern hospitals use X-ray treatment and special ventilators for patients who have been operated on by excellent surgeons. The latest fashions are worn at the races. People talk about the next bridge party or flirt in the style of the most admired American moving-picture stars. I am sitting on the roof garden of the Grand Hotel in Peking, drinking whiskey and soda cooled by artificial ice and reading a newspaper that is even bigger than the big American ones. In short, I am in a modern country, and yet a little inconspicuous notice in this newspaper seizes my attention, because it seems so out of place in this modern China: 'Nanking will definitely abolish slavery in China.'

The newspaper drops from my hand and is picked up by a boy dressed in white who hands it to me quietly, with a polite smile. I do not look at him. He is just as much a part of the place as the whiskey I drink or the chair I am sitting in. He is a thing, an object that one takes for granted simply because it exists. That this thing receives about sixteen Austrian schillings (two dollars and twenty-five cents) a month and no food has never seemed to me surprising or even interesting. For that is only what I have become used to in every hotel here.

Nevertheless, I cannot get the statement in the *China Star* out of my head. And as I think of it I recall a scene that I witnessed not long ago. Kansu appears before my eyes, and again I see a little village in this province. It is a hot, fetid day and the village square is crowded with im-

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poverished peasants—men, women, and children. The air reeks with sweat and is loud with the barking of dogs. Through the clamor I hear a voice saying '*Ba*,' meaning eight. Then some one says 'Nine.' So it is an auction. I decide to investigate what is being offered for sale and walk over to the crowd of people.

There was no ox, no horse, no donkey to be seen. What, then, was being auctioned? The subject stood beside the auctioneer. It was an adolescent child, a girl about fifteen years old. The loathsome, quavering voice of the auctioneer asked for higher bids. A fat southern Chinese who was standing apart from the rest of the crowd offered two *jau* more—about five cents. The man who was bidding against him looked at him in disgust and bid three jau more. What an offer! He had thrown a little more than seven cents into the scales for this child.

A third Chinese looked doubtfully at his strings of *tsian*. These almost worthless tokens have holes in them and are strung on a wire or string. Although they have been officially retired from circulation, they are still used in the interior of the country. He took three strings of them and held them up in the air. Shouts, confusion, curses, and laughter greeted him. After a little more bidding back and forth, the girl was sold for about fourteen Austrian schillings—two American dollars—and went quietly away with the man with the strings of money, who led her to a little group of people, all of whom were his property.

The child had been sold without any restrictions, in accordance with the usual custom, and had become the man's property. Someone muttered the word, '*yanguitse*' (foreign devil), for I had been detected by the crowd as an unwanted intruder. I therefore reflected that it would be better if I made myself scarce. No cock would crow over me if my skull were cracked in here. I therefore made my way back to our party, which had halted at the entrance of the village. My two white companions and our Chinese interpreter talked the episode over with me. Although it was not the first time that I had seen human beings sold, I was astounded and expressed my indignation to my traveling companions.

Hsian-sin, the Chinese, smiled at me as I railed and merely shook his head. 'Oh, sir, you have no cause to speak that way. Do you know why this happens? You say the reason makes no difference. But, no, the children are pleased when someone buys them. Otherwise how would they lead a broader life? Both parties profit. The parents receive payment and the children escape from the poverty of their parents' home.'

II

Anyone must grant that the poverty is real and that people are indeed poor. Beans, rice, and tea bricks provide all their nourishment. They know no other. They work from sunrise until late at night, but their annual earnings hardly vary at all. I was astonished when I was first told how much they made—250,000 jau a year, but this was figured in the old currency. The sum amounts to about a hundred Mexican dollars—in other words, 350 Austrian schillings, or fifty dollars in American money. Families of six to

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ten live off this vast sum. Live? Well, they exist. But the amazing thing is that they have the strength to perform such hard work. Naturally the parents are glad enough to have fewer mouths to feed and children are bartered in years of bad harvests or drought. They and all their rights go to the purchaser. Yet I came to the opposite conclusion from that of our good Hsian-sin.

What becomes of the children, especially the girls who are sold to the rich southern Chinese for anywhere between two and five dollars? The boys work as servants for the peasants or else a rich man buys them to add to a string of coolies whom he hires out. But they are not so eagerly purchased as the girls, whose fate is much harder. Almost all the girls finally end up in some port where they live in 'flower boats,' which is the euphemism for a certain kind of house in this part of the world. These junks lie in stinking harbors guarded by bestial fellows who are in the pay of the owner and who prevent the poor girls on board these houseboats from enjoying any freedom. Here is the real slave market. Whether they are sold, exchanged, or leased they have no rights whatever and must do whatever pleases their masters.

If the victim ever tries to resist she is beaten almost to death. If her desire for freedom gets the better of her a second time or if she tries to improve her miserable lot by attempting to communicate with the outer world, her dead body will soon be found drifting among the thousand boats in the harbor. The terror of her last moments is written on her woe-begone face and there are either red finger prints on her neck or the bluish wound of a dagger in her back. Nobody asks any questions. No father cares, and the local officials are only too glad not to know anything about the matter. Nothing but unwanted trouble could follow and it is much better for the 'goods' to be quickly consigned to the deep.

III

On the way back from Kansu we passed through a small town. The setting was thoroughly Chinese, with crumbling town walls, dirty streets, the monotonous singsong of blind beggars, camels, and merchants shouting their wares. We discovered that a caravan had halted near us. I conversed with the *hjingnusenen*, 'the man who shows the way,' in other words, the leader, and he gave me all kinds of information. He told me about the bad roads, berated the bandits, and cursed the cost of transportation. 'You have to give a man five hundred jau [ten cents]. He is forever eating and demanding money, so much money. The whole journey must have cost me ten *yitsien* [ten Mexican dollars, five American ones].'

I could only shake my head. For five dollars twenty people had spent almost two and a half months driving this man's animals. They also had to pay for their provisions. They had to sleep with the animals, and they were hit over the head with sticks when the bad roads irritated the merchant. When things got too much for them they grumbled. And when one of them tried to desert because his wages had not been paid, the leader's revolver was fired. If the man died, he was in luck, for it would be impossible to take a wounded man on such a long journey. He would have had to look

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out for himself. It is therefore better to be shot dead than to be wounded and have to seek help, which may be a day's journey distant. But if the coolie did succeed in getting home again he could proudly display his five hundred or a thousand jau, which was the sum, amounting to about ten or twenty cents, for which he had sold himself for a month to the owner of the caravan, who is allowed to shoot him down if he does not obey orders. Any complaint on the part of his comrades would lead to nothing. The most that would happen would be that they would not be hired for another journey.

We spoke about all the hungry people that wander about China, the millions of unnoticed sufferers who drop dead in their tracks because they lack even a crust of bread to keep themselves alive. And I explained that in my country there was a fund of money for these poor people from which they were paid if they could not find work. The Chinese stared at me blankly. Then he called something out to one of his assistants and laughed heartily. I half understood that he had called me the greatest liar in the world because I had tried to tell him that in my country people were given money for not working. Then he turned directly to me. Surely what I had just told him was a joke. He could not conceive of such a thing as unemployment relief. When I told him of old-age pensions, free hospital treatment, the eight-hour day, and other regulations that are taken for granted at home, the smile disappeared from his face and he decided that white people are *fengtse*—crazy.

'Surely you are joking. Why should they pay a man who does not work? Can a person in your country receive five *yitsien* [Mexican dollars] a week without working at all? *Bu chui so.* No, that can't be.'

Looking grieved, he rose to his feet and walked over to his camel drivers, who were grouped around a pot of the rice that had been their daily meal since their long journey began. As far as I could understand, he was telling them what I had just said to him. The half-naked boys looked me over and laughed at the good joke that I had made. '*Yanguitse*,' incomprehensible foreign devils, that is what we are in their eyes. A Chinese who has no work and no relatives with money is expected to die unnoticed, so that his death will not cause any annoyance to those around him. In the interior of the country there are millions of people who are virtually nothing more than the slaves of the men who feed them. Such people include those who have left their homes, children from famine districts that somebody found or purchased, somebody who still had food and money. He took them with him and they became his servants. They recognize the man who saved them as their lord and master and do not dare to do the least thing without his permission, accepting his whims and severity. They become slaves.

IV

But why do I exclaim so indignantly? May I, dear reader, present myself, the writer of these lines, as a slave owner, too, yes, as the legal owner of a human being whom I bought to be my wife's servant?

Nearly four years ago I was making an automobile tour in Hupeh. We had more than we could do. Our journey

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took us to Shistuan, a dying city. The inhabitants had been decimated by hunger and disease, and we received the impression that the people who were standing around were only a fraction of those who had recently lived here. My servant had been caught stealing something from me and, in accordance with the custom of the country, was dismissed during the journey. 'Devil take the hindmost.' The substitute hired to replace him was a sluggard who spent most of his time hanging around the provision wagon. I therefore tried to find a better boy in Shistuan. Seeing a crowd of hungry people standing around a boiling kettle, I asked one of them if he knew of any young fellow who would be able to go as far as Kai-feng, because I needed a servant.

The man's eyes sparkled. A flood of incomprehensible words poured out of his excited mouth, and I had to summon an interpreter. A long process of bargaining followed. The interpreter scratched his head and did not seem to be able to make up his mind. Then he turned to me and asked whether I wanted to buy this man's eleven-year-old son, for he would sell him cheap. My amazement at the offer caused the father to run into a near-by house, from which he presently emerged with a thin boy whom he presented to me with a beaming countenance. 'Give fifteen silver dollars and he will belong to you.'

I was so astonished at this offer that I raised my hand as a sign of refusal, but he took it to mean something else.

'But he is worth at least twelve. He is so willing and good. It is only because we have nothing to eat that I offer him so cheap.'

I said that I could not take the boy because he did not understand English.

'Then ten Mexican dollars. He will quickly learn the lofty speech of the foreigner.'

I regarded the father and son and the younger brothers and sisters who had joined them. They were thin and their faces were pinched. Hunger stared at you from their eyes. Within a month they would all be dead. I was about to refuse when I happened to glance at the boy. His fate was at stake, yet his eyes were riveted to an open pot of jam. Hunger and poverty made him indifferent to what his future should be. I handed over the money, quivering just as much as the father did on receiving it. I had bought a human being. Ah-sing had become my unconditional property. His father caressed him and bade him farewell, gave him good advice and was tremendously pleased at being given two cans of corned beef. He felt that my 'slave' would be well treated. The boy came with me, learned English and German very quickly, waited on my wife, and stayed with us for two years, remaining faithful and obedient. When we had to go back to Peking we turned him over to a mission school, where he was to learn a trade.

I come to my senses and the face of little Ah-sing vanishes and again I see the newspaper before my eyes. Again I am on the roof of the Grand Hotel and again I am hearing the loudspeaker and reading, '. . . and has completed the execution of this law in the year 1933. In the event of violation the slaveholder will be fined three hundred Mexican dollars for each slave.'

I am not subject to this fine any longer, for I no longer have a slave.

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The music critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt* commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of Wagner's death and the hundredth anniversary of Brahms's birth.

Wagner *and* BRAHMS

By ALFRED EINSTEIN

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

NINETEEN hundred and thirty-two was among other things a Goethe year, just as 1927, the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death, was a Beethoven year. 'All men will be brothers,' was the watchword then. I still remember how we gathered on March 27 in the great hall of the Vienna Music Society, where representatives of every country from America to the Vatican, and men as different as Herriot and Milojević, paid homage to their ideal of humanity. Pietro Mascagni gave the most impressive address of all. Beautiful words were spoken that neither added anything to Beethoven nor took anything away. He remained and still remains motionless, a solitary star in the musical heavens like all the other stars in so far as they possess the same magnitude.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-three is again a musical year, a Wagner–Brahms year. Fifty years ago Richard Wagner died in the Palazzo Vendramin, and a hundred years ago Brahms was born in Hamburg. They stood at the antipodes during their lifetime. The Wagner enthusiasts regarded Brahms as the musical antipope and Wagner took this attitude so seriously that he wrote some of the most malicious things about Brahms that he ever wrote about any opponent. To us Wagner and Brahms no longer seem irreconcilable in spite of all the differences in their inclinations, dispositions, and quality. They complement each other, they belong together.

We are by no means concerned with regarding Wagner and Brahms from the purely historical point of view. Nobody has ever succeeded in doing that in spite of thirty books on Brahms and three thousand on Wagner, and it will be a long time before

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anyone does succeed. And is n't it really fortunate that we no longer belong, as our grandfathers did, to a generation that gave itself over to historical speculation, that considered all past epochs equally interesting and therefore did not prefer one to another? Is n't it fortunate that people who claim to be 'objective' seem to us arrogant? Is n't it a proof, a splendid proof of the vitality, the eternal vitality of music that we can still regard certain epochs such as that of Brahms and Wagner with passion even to-day?

For it is passion, not justice, that concerns us now, and we must discover how we now stand toward Wagner and Brahms. It is not a question of clearing up certain grotesque errors of Wagner's contemporaries, who regarded Wagner as one of themselves because he seemed to be the official defender of German tradition, because he indorsed anti-Semitic statements, exploited Nordic mythology, and coined the expression, 'Honor your German masters.' It is pure folly to appraise Wagner from that point of view, Wagner the revolutionist, Wagner the real supernational composer, who was sooner and better understood in Paris than in Germany and who twice conquered Germany by way of Paris.

Much less of this sort of thing is reserved for Brahms, although he was really much more limited by his nationality, although he was personally a passionate supporter of the Reich and even of William II, as one can discover from his correspondence with the good Swiss democrat and poet, Josef Viktor Widmann. Wagner, on the other hand, in spite of the 'Kaiser March,' regarded the Reich with growing skepticism after 1871. His contributions to the Bayreuth newspapers prophesied all the disaster that was to overwhelm Germany and the world, for the failure of his own efforts gave him the clear perception of disappointment.

II

What does Wagner represent to us? We can answer this question only when we have agreed what we mean by 'us.' Do we mean the older generation to whom Wagner still recalls a great inspiration, or the younger generation to whom he means nothing, or the generation between the two that is half devoted to him and half indifferent? And are we referring to those members of the different generations who still have *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* ahead of them or to those who have even *Tristan* and *Parsifal* behind them? In any case, it is certain that Wagner himself would feel that he had failed utterly to-day. He had already failed in 1914, the year after the hundredth anniversary of his birth, when people were praising him to the skies and at the same time preparing to produce *Parsifal* all over the world, against his express desire. (It should be said that Bayreuth is really present wherever *Parsifal* is played in the spirit of Bayreuth.) Was n't it a symbol of Wagner's failure that the World War broke out the same year that *Parsifal* was freely presented for the first time? The religion of sympathy was announced from the stage, but it only served to initiate a period of violent death to millions of men, women, and children. Since then Wagner has not gained ground, and to-day he is as far

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from having conquered the world as ever.

For he did want to conquer the world by way of art and Bayreuth. He wanted to do more than write mere operas, like Meyerbeer or Rossini. He was so great that he perceived the curse of nineteenth-century art, especially music—that art no longer was an element of life, that it had ceased to be a form of universal expression but was a luxury, a by-product, something one enjoyed. Do we understand his desperate attempt to create a real public again that would be a community, something more than an impassive public? The most subjective of all artists tried to create a community that would be both ethical and æsthetic, or, better, his æsthetic side, his total artistic creation, became for him a means of achieving ethical unity. But he put the cart before the horse. What is Bayreuth to-day? An historical shrine, the holy Mecca of a religion that no longer lives. Is n't it painfully grotesque that the young people who suffer from the same tribulations that Wagner did, who are trying to relate art to their lives in a new way, who are striving to build up a new sense of community, will learn nothing from Wagner? To them he stands for lies, false pathos, bad theatre—in a word, opera.

It really seems as if there were nothing left of Wagner but the opera composer, a title that he did his best to reject after he had written *Lohengrin*. For to-day he is compared to such a purely operatic composer as Verdi, perhaps an unfair, but in any case a significant comparison. Wagner no longer affects our lives, but he affects us profoundly in the realm of art as a dramatist and musician. This is not the first time I have said that only fools are 'through' with Wagner.

Remember what Nietzsche said about *Parsifal*, Nietzsche, who hated the content of this eucharistic pantomime on the stage and had to hate it as the denial of all that he most deeply felt and desired: '*Parsifal* will always maintain its place in the art of seduction. It is a work of seductive genius. I admire this work. I might have done it myself, and, though I did not do it, I understand it. Wagner was never better inspired than at the end. The refined combination of beauty and disease goes so far here that it throws all Wagner's earlier art in the shade.'

On Wagner, the object of his combined hatred and love, Nietzsche made another statement that is also enlightening to us. He recalled the optical unrest 'in the art inaugurated by Wagner,' meaning that one's perspective has to keep changing. He was referring here to the many functions of Wagner's artistic work, its dramatic, musical, and even decorative aspects. He was referring to the alternation of perfectly direct passages and merely explanatory ones. He meant everything that goes to make Wagner's work not so much complicated as precipitous and uneven, and that never permits us to escape. Did n't the man who wrote *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*, the *Ring* and *Parsifal* have to vacillate eternally between repulsion and attraction, pity and heroism? No, we cannot do without the art of Wagner. If it no longer has anything to offer us from the philosophic side,—although the curse of the *Ring* does seem to be an eternal symbol,—the dramatist, the theatrical artist still speaks to us as one of the greatest men of all time.

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And if his drama has become meaningless to us, there is still his music. And if we no longer care for the much-abused pathos of his music, there is still the musician himself. Every time an old veil falls it reveals some new greatness of the man.

III

Brahms was only a musician. He never experienced Wagner's disillusionment. He was steeped in another kind of tragedy—his own position as a musician born out of his time. By this I do not mean that he spent his life pulling a long, resigned face or that his art lacks joyfulness, power, and sureness of impulse. But he has suffered more than Wagner from the changes that come with time, changes in taste and perception, although his work itself has never gone out of date. For Brahms was a master of masters, always painstaking in the devotion he put into his work. There was not one of his conceptions that did not leave his hands well-rounded and complete, and in hundreds of passages with which one imagines one's self familiar one constantly discovers new, mysterious elements.

But it is no accident that the real Brahms seems to us to be the pessimistic Brahms—the Brahms of the pseudo-heroic symphony in F major, the E minor symphony with the Hellenic glow of its slow movement, the obscure 'Passacaglia Finale,' the sad clarinet quintet, the really perfect clarinet sonatas. Nothing could be simpler or more final than these pieces of music. The more one gets to know Brahms and understands him as a man with all his limitations as well as a musician, the more one loves him. The more one considers his place and position in history and his exclusion from the paradise of art, whose doors shut behind Beethoven and Schubert, the more one is impressed by his stature. He made a great tradition greater. As for ourselves, who are obviously too small to hand on a tradition that has grown far greater since his time, is there nothing for us to do but shatter it?

IV

That is the way the anniversary of Wagner and Brahms stands. The celebration is dampened. The sacrificial fires will not blaze brightly except, of course, those tended by the most devoted worshipers. Have we learned anything from the Goethe year? Is quantity again going to take precedence over quality? Already a cycle of Brahms music is being announced and Wagner weeks are being organized that will include everything he ever wrote, including *Rienzi*, *Liebesverbot*, the *Feen*, and the fragmentary *Hochzeit*. Heaven protect us, and may we instead be granted to hear the best of Wagner played complete and the best of Brahms in part. Grant also that we may not be surfeited with Wagner and Brahms simply because a certain number of decades happen to have passed.

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BOOKS ABROAD

WELT IM STURZ. *By Ludwig Bauer. Berlin: E. P. Tal Verlag. 1933.*

(Ludwig Marcuse in *Das Tage-Buch*, Munich)

THE emotion that many left-wing bourgeois intellectuals are dominated by at the present time might be briefly described as one of farewell. They are taking leave of the dead body that they once called liberalism or individualism. Full of melancholy and resignation, they vouchsafe not more than one weary glance at the new destiny that has just overtaken them and that seems to them mere negation and contradiction of the past.

Ludwig Bauer's book, *World in Upheaval*, is a contemporary document of the first importance because it defines the attitude of this intellectual type. Bauer looks back at yesterday with tired affection and dispassionate criticism. To-day means nothing to him. But behind his dispassionate description of to-morrow there lurks his dread of a second edition of the Middle Ages.

Bauer draws up an accurate balance sheet. He lists the debits and credits of yesterday in two clear-cut columns. On the credit side he enters spirit, freedom, personality, tolerance. But as an accurate bookkeeper he enters among the debits the 'life lies' of that epoch, its belief in irresistible progress. Bauer knows his Marx, though he makes but little use of him. 'There is no equality between men, some of whom are doomed from birth to eternal poverty, whereas others can purchase beauty, health, joy, knowledge, property, and, on top of all that, the poor people themselves, whose thoughts they can govern and whose ideals they can prescribe to such an extent that these poor people are transformed into stultified petty bourgeois.'

Bauer has a very accurate conception of the dialectics of bourgeois freedom. He describes very justly all the thousand discrepancies of its culture. But, since he thinks in terms of aphorisms rather than of systems, he creates mythologies as soon as he starts exploring fundamentals.

I do not understand such sentences as this: 'Yesterday did not die of its lies; it died because it became too weak to conceal its lies.' Well, why did it become too weak? That is the point. Ludwig Bauer is correct as far as he goes. He sees concrete facts in true perspective, but he is so much of a skeptic that he prefers to take flight in his mysticism rather than use any tested theory.

Hence his description of to-morrow is a manifestation of psychic shock and not of scientific vision. Anyone who is in despair need only place a negative sign before his past pleasures to understand the future. Bauer's future is 'the man in the mass.' Like many others before him, he describes the period of subjugation that is about to begin as the 'New Middle Ages.' 'The first Middle Ages were naïve in their innocence. Our second Middle Ages will be stupid with all this civilized progress and evil because of their stupidity.'

I do not believe that the phrase, 'New

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Middle Ages,' is an entirely happy one. In 'the man in the mass' there is something quite unmediæval. But how could anyone perceive this who had lost all that was dearest to him in the bourgeois culture of the past thirty years? Bauer is wounded, therefore the strength of his book lies in his recollection of an epoch that he knew and loved—although as a philosophic historian he cannot offer a solid explanation of it. The death rattle of the type of man who is taking leave of a past that he loved without any hope in the future is set down here impressively.

LE MYSTÈRE FRONTENAC. *By François Mauriac. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1933. 15 francs.*

(Albert Thibaudet in the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

THE present decline of poetry is not without its compensations. Forms of life and expression that would have gone into symbolist or Parnassian poetry half a century ago are now embodied in the novel for want of anything else, perhaps for want of a return to poetry. Hence some of our modern novels are the work of embryonic poets rather than the work of born novelists.

I do not say that this entirely applies to François Mauriac, whose gifts as a novelist are evident. But he made his beginning and attracted attention as a poet, as the author of *Mains jointes*, and, having written nothing but prose since he was thirty, he has retained his poetic gift to an extraordinary degree. All his novels since *Le Baiser au lépreux* are written around poetic themes rather than unforgettable characters. The essence of each of these books could have been expressed in a collection of poems, in a provincial *Fleurs du mal* that our literature still lacks. If people contest the truth of this claim in respect to *Thérèse Desqueyroux* I shall not press the point. The important thing is that what I have said is true for most of his books, especially for *The Frontenac Mystery*, which might just as well have been called *The Mauriac Mystery* or, like a novel by Fogazzaro, *The Mystery of the Poet.*

The setting of the *Frontenac Mystery* remains the same as that used in almost all of Mauriac's novels. It is a big landed estate where a family from Bordeaux with numerous children spends half the year and where dramas of every kind intertwine. The urban setting also remains unchanged. The characters belong to that element in the Bordeaux upper middle class just below the wine-growing nobility. When they visit Paris they stay in the sixteenth or the seventh *arrondissement.* By remaining faithful as a novelist to his personal setting, his *milieu*, and his customs, unlike the supple and varied Balzac, as well as those two Norman writers, Flaubert and Maupassant, Mauriac clearly reveals his roots as a lyric poet who is exiled from his immediate self but who cannot separate himself from the objects of his own joyful or sad experience.

Le Nœud de vipères, with its terrible representation of self-devouring clusters, is probably the most tragic novel of our time. Having written it, Mauriac felt that he had gone too far, that the pendulum must swing in the other direction, and that his sombre nest of vipers demanded the luminous counterpoise of a nest of birds. This nest, from which a singing bird rises, is *The Frontenac Mystery.*

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Mauriac's family lives on the traditional country estate with five children who dwell peacefully with their active mother. There are an uncle and his lady friend, admirably portrayed, and there is a real bird, the young poet Yves. He is a child poet, somewhat like Rimbaud, who writes verses and even has them printed in the *Mercure*. (Paul Morisse's letter of acceptance must be genuine.) Throughout his adolescence and youth and during his life in Paris as a man of letters and as a mediocre love-maker, this poet becomes an authentic figure in this novel written by a poet. We have no doubt that the character is Mauriac himself, and his representation of himself, executed with his powerful affective memory, gives us the greatest pleasure. Finally, the Frontenac family including Yves becomes 'the Frontenac mystery' because with it lives this poet, this ambassador of mystery, idealism, and song.

There is the Frontenac mystery just as there are mysteries of theology, of life, and of love, just as every family is ultimately a mystery in the sense that its essence cannot be expressed in speech but only in that representation of sentiment known as poetry, or in the novel, so far as it possesses the enthusiasm of poetry. There is nothing extraordinary about the Frontenac family. So little actually happens that if one attempted to describe the slender story one would be betraying the spirit of the book by revealing the letter. Yet for all that it is as full of meat as an egg and as crowded as a nest. The presentation of the characters and the presence of the poet are enough to make everything alive and tense. Here is the whole subject of the book: a poet becomes conscious of a family, his own, as of an incommunicable mystery and spiritual reality. The poetical counterpart, one might say, of Zola's antipoetical *Docteur Pascal*. There is no book by Mauriac that Barrès, who was his first admirer, would have liked better, none that would have reminded him more of a 'Barrès Mystery.' The author of *Le Nœud de vipères* turns his back resolutely on Gide's famous phrase, 'Families, I hate you.'

The Frontenac Mystery contains a curious picture of the young poet in Paris made up of personal recollections that are often transposed—Yves visiting Barrès and Yves visiting Gide. And the Frontenac family notes with satisfaction that I myself said that the verses I had rejected 'postulated a metaphysics.' Rest assured that I am the first to take amusement in an epigram that deals with the rather threadbare philosophic criticism that is rightly or wrongly attributed to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. But if I never wrote the words that Mauriac ascribes to me, I know that there was at that time one poet and one only who, without waiting for the diagnosis of your humble servant, declared, 'My verses postulate a metaphysics.' That poet was named François Mauriac. The literary school that he founded and that his poetry claimed as its own is called the spiritualist school, and spiritualism is a metaphysical system. Therefore, the poetry of Mauriac is the only poetry that might postulate, as Giraudoux would say, a metaphysical system. I did not see and I do not yet see anything the matter with this phrase. But to charge me with this sin instead of confessing to it humbly

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one's self is an act of bad faith that makes me tremble. In every novel by Mauriac the devil must play his part.

DIE STADT ANATOL. *By Bernhard Kellermann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1933.*

(Walter Tritsch in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

THE city of Anatol is more than real. It possesses that superreality of certain dreams that follow us into the midst of our daily life, often making us feel that only in such dreams are we really awake. The same kind of magic emanates from this city as did from Proust's Cambrai. But the city of Anatol has a definite, dynamic destiny. For centuries it vegetated wretchedly between the outlying provinces of eastern Hungary and the most remote lumber and cattle districts of northern Rumania, with its two sleepy, vermin-infested hotels, the Trajan and the Russie. At last, however, Anatol brought forth a genuine representative of our own younger generation, Jaques Gregor, who in his childhood encountered strange legends of former fire-worshipers, then studied in Vienna, where he became an engineer and a geologist, and finally returned to Anatol, where he discovered petroleum. The oil wells, tanks buildings, and theatre of the utterly unorganized oil metropolis that grew up overnight near Anatol devoured the life of the little town. But this time Kellermann is not interested, as he was in *Tunnel*, in frenzied exploiters of money and technology. In this narrative the interest centres about the destiny of the natives, whose tempo of life was suddenly and forcibly changed. They became rich and then went to pieces.

Above all, there is Jaques Gregor himself, the young engineer and explorer. Cold-blooded, practical, and yet a dupe, he moved from success to success, at first slowly and then with accelerated speed, until finally he sacrificed his first love to his fear of romance. There is his brother, Raoul the notary, whose hothouse marriage finally ran on the rocks of sudden wealth. There is Jaques's childhood friend, Maron Janko Stirbey, the unconquerable, who drank heavily and broke many hearts because he loved the same girl the successful Jaques did. And there is Franziska, the daughter of the peasant on whose soil Jaques made his first discovery of oil. Around these chief characters swam a crowd of others with changing fortunes—speculators, success addicts from near and far, a host of camp followers.

All these people are vividly depicted in a few lines as if we had always known them and had even lived in their skins. They are described in such a way that we see only the author's profound contempt for humanity balanced by an equally intense love of the human race. All these characters are right in their own way. Each one could not act differently, being what he is. And all of them serve destiny in their separate fashions. This book is like a richly woven carpet whose varied colors and interlaced designs make up a unified symphony. The destiny of each individual can be traced through all the different colors and forms of contemporary humanity. They mingle and separate intermittently, and we are constantly moving from legends full of meaning to legends that possess none. The flow of the narrative never

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subsides and all the infinitely varied characters do not serve any one purpose. Here is a symbol of our time such as many of our contemporaries have vainly sought to portray—an unbroken horizon.

LES FIANÇAILLES. *By Jacques de Lacretelle. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. 1933.*

(From the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

AT THE instigation of Jean Schlumberger and Guy Mazeline, Jacques de Lacretelle undertook the task of telling the story of an estate and a family, the estate of Hauts-Ponts in the Vendée and the Darembert family. The action of the first volume, *Sabine*, which appeared last year, took place just after the war of 1870. To-day we have *The Betrothal*, the story of Lise, Sabine's daughter, whose destiny offers the most complete contrast to that of her mother. Whereas Sabine was gently romantic and possessed the same touching resignation that Octave Feuillet's heroines did, Lise is consumed by an ambition and determination to use others to achieve what she regards as her own happiness, indeed as her own right.

The epoch has changed, but the setting remains the same—the countryside of the Vendée in the monotony of its long, brilliant summer days and the solitude of its winter evenings. The characters have grown old, like all of us, which means that they do not want to change but that the following generation forces them to do so. We find again Jean de la Fontange, the man with whom Sabine went on long, sentimental walks that culminated in a single fugitive kiss. Through this man, now fifteen years older, we measure the distance that separates the daughter from her mother.

Lise has vowed that she would reacquire the Hauts-Ponts estate that her grandmother bought and that her ruined father was forced to sell. Shut off in the damp little house to which M. Darembert had retired, she lives with a single servant, coldly laying her plans to find a husband and reestablish her fortune. At twenty-three, pretty and determined to stop at nothing, she does not spare her person, her honor, or her chastity, deliberately devoting them to the work of conquest that she wishes to achieve.

Her efforts do not meet with success. First of all, she throws herself at the reluctant Jacques Monnet, a rich poet, but Jacques Monnet has a sick sister who is wildly jealous of all the girls who want to marry her brother, of whom she believes she is the confidante and sole inspiration. The second attempt meets with no more success. Philippe Gillin du Boiscourbeau, an officer who meets Lise when he has a sudden fall on the road and whom she pursues very actively, finally escapes by pretending that he is subject to the authority of a tyrannical godmother who is resolutely opposed to the marriage.

Lise does not admit defeat, or rather, as soon as she has experienced it, she ceases to regret what she has lost. Nevertheless, her temperament, which forces her to seek revenge, deprives her of the sang-froid necessary to await an opportunity for it patiently. M. de Lacretelle, with infinite tact and delicacy, makes us understand the unconfessed disillusionment that draws Lise into the arms of Jean de la Fontange, for this married man,

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much older than herself, does not help her to realize any of the hopes that she has been nourishing. On the contrary, he makes her run a risk that may compromise her hopes forever. But, excited by two failures, Lise feels the imperious need to prove her power. What could be more human? Catastrophe follows. After a period of daily visits Lise discovers that she is pregnant and that she never loved her child's father. The novel stops there.

It is a delicate task to pass judgment on a book that is part of a whole work as yet unfinished,—for *The Betrothal* will be followed by three more volumes. If I risk passing judgment, it is because this book possesses such eminent qualities that one can enjoy them in themselves.

M. de Lacretelle's story is a model of pure art, a simple, exact, precise reproduction of people and things from which nothing is omitted and to which nothing superfluous is added. The slightly studied elegance of M. de Lacretelle's earlier books, even *Sabine*, has disappeared entirely and here gives place to the powerful warmth of life itself. This is not life as many contemporary novelists imagine it, in which the sexual instinct carries men and women away and makes them roll about pellmell, not allowing them time to breathe. It is a kind of life that seems calm and provincial, life in which people have the leisure to watch themselves live and to participate in the spectacle in spite of the disappointments that may be in store. M. de Lacretelle adds to his knowledge of people his admirable gifts as a psychologist and makes us follow, by virtue of details that have been carefully observed and even more carefully chosen and interpreted, the inner action that is going on in his characters. These move in real surroundings whose influence they constantly feel, just as they are influenced by their bringing up and their education. The result is that one often feels that they are very different from the ideals that they have set themselves and very remote from the means by which they try to attain these ideals. Lise coldly calculates her future and the chances that she has of forming it to her own desire, but there is no calculation in her. If we look at her closely we see that it is love of the countryside that guides her, an obscure desire to render to her parents, as incorporated in herself, the place that they all deserve.

Passions no longer reveal themselves naked, as they did in classical times. Nowadays they are mingled with a thousand worldly conventions that often excite them while preventing them from revealing themselves. Art on the grand scale consists in divining these passions beneath the shape that they have borrowed in which to live and find satisfaction for themselves. It also consists in making the reader understand how the character that experiences these emotions owes them to the outer world, to the conditions in which he finds himself, and to the instincts with which nature has endowed him. If we are to demand of the novelist an interior logic in the development of a character, we can not discover that logic in the exterior manifestations of that character. With sovereign mastery, M. de Lacretelle has adapted the exigencies of art to the realities of life, and undoubtedly that explains the atmosphere of absolute truth that gives his story and the gestures of his characters something ineluctable.

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STALLION. *By Marguerite Steen. London: Victor Gollancz. 7s. 6d. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50. 1933.*

(Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*, London)

STALLION is not a 'nice' book. Our grandmothers would have called it exceedingly 'nasty.' But it is not that. I can imagine many people's not liking it, even injudiciously pillorying it as a good example of the 'sex-ridden stuff' that is poured out in such abundance to-day. There is, however, no suggestiveness about it. It says what it has to say boldly and cleanly. There is brutality in its pages, but there is also a grave beauty. More important, its tragic story moves you, and you can 'see' every one of its people. And it is finely told.

All his life Jim Devoke, the great stallion's groom, has seen himself as the irresistible cave man, and, in spite of his insignificant appearance, he has had his success with women. All the countryside, indeed, knows what kind of a man he is, even his devoted wife and his four very different daughters. He is almost openly unfaithful, more particularly at such times as Brambledown Pride is 'walked' through the country with himself in attendance. And it is on one of these annual excursions that he meets the thin, gypsylike Tamar, and, so far from playing his usual rôle of conquering hero, he unwillingly becomes her slave. He is 'madly' in love with her, though, at the same time, puzzled and angry that he should be at her mercy. Nothing like this torment that she enjoys aggravating has ever come his way before, and in a sudden wild rage at her taunts and his own helplessness, he throws vitriol at her.

He is duly sentenced, a grotesque but pathetic figure. What of Ursula, his wife? She knows that she has lost him, but she must do what Jim wants. Against all the dictates of village 'decency' she looks after the maimed and now dreadfully embittered Tamar, and, if the parson is disgusted and her daughters angry, she cannot help it. She must even take steps to see that, when Tamar's child is born, it is to be her own. She is a great little woman, and one can only hope that when Jim is released things will not be too bad.

There is only one man in the book, but there are eight women, and not its least remarkable feature is the masterly way in which these eight women's portraits are painted. The four daughters—Prue so primly correct, the unhappily married Mildred, the generously minded Annie, and Fenny, the sly creature who speaks of becoming a nun and expresses horror of men, though ready, when the time comes, to slink out with any youth who presents himself—these are amazingly good studies. And the masculine Miss Blandford, Ursula's one remaining friend after the tragedy, is no less cleverly sketched in. The whole picture, indeed, is remarkably well done, and I shall not easily forget it.

ABEL MIT DER MUNDHARMONIKA. *By Manfred Hausmann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1933.*

(Alfred Kantorowicz in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

THIS novelist is unusually gifted. He lives in the world of Eichendorff, and the world of Eichendorff lives in him. His characters roam about, sail boats, fly in balloons. They will have nothing to do with modern technology. Their experiences have

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the romantic charm of pre-technological times. The virile adventures of the machine world are foreign to them. They are fleeing from their time on land and on water. Like Heinrich Hauser, who wrote a book about the last seagoing sailing vessels, so Manfred Hausmann gives us a book about the last sailboat.

Two sturdy youngsters that live by the water, Peter and Christian, who is called Jumbo, upon their own responsibility and risk set out on a little holiday expedition on board the *Scharhörn*, a 'miniature cutter thirty-six feet long and eleven feet wide.' During their adventurous journey on the North Sea, they fish out Abel, a young fellow from Berlin, and his harmonica. Later they make an even stranger catch. Under great difficulties in a storm they take on board a girl called Corinna, who tells them a remarkable, really exciting story of a journey by balloon. Thus their expedition becomes a real adventure, always, of course, within the bounds that are laid down for well-brought-up school children of good, middle-class families. Not only do they have adventures on the stormy sea but they have adventures of the heart. The sensitive Abel falls in love for the first time in his life. Corinna arouses in him the anxious, resigned emotion of calf love that dwells somewhere between dreams of wish fulfillment and reality.

This beautiful, sad book presents marvelously the contrast between the stiff social relationships that prevail among young people and the delicacy of their emotions. For young people contain the happiest mixture of curiosity, grace, and melancholy. One cannot help finding them attractive. There is comradeship here, high feeling, adventure, and above all, love. What material. No wonder six girls in the graduating class at school sent Manfred Hausmann letters telling him how his new book had entertained, touched, and developed them. These young girls are right. Every schoolgirl will do herself proud if she reads this book, for, if she leads a sheltered life, she will have the proper temperament to appreciate this skillful circumnavigation of the shallows of the sea and the depths of life.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Introducing Spitteler

Because The Living Age was printing the work of such European writers as Oswald Spengler, José Ortega y Gasset, and Rainer Maria Rilke long before their names were known in the United States, one of our readers, L. Wendell Eshleman of the Friends' Seminary in New York, has entered a plea for the claim of Carl Spitteler to abiding fame. Spitteler was a Swiss citizen who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1919, championed the Allied Powers during the War, although he wrote in German, and died in 1924. His political views cost him the popularity that he deserved during his lifetime in German-speaking countries, but he has won more and more attention in the past decade. Mr. Eshleman writes of him as follows:—

'Carl Spitteler's way and work were those neither of fish nor of fowl, yet they favored beasts and men with about equal fervor. As for those of us who suppose ourselves to exist somewhere within the limits of these two classifications, it is a trifle disconcerting to rely upon Spitteler for support in claiming self-selected niches for ourselves and assuring ourselves that, after all, our assertions, speculations, and idle thoughts are deserving of much Spittelerian respect. It is this uncertainty of obtaining any appreciable support for their opinions which creates in the minds of many critics the distasteful suspicion that Spitteler is just a trifle beyond the limits of any sane person's cut-and-dried method of following the prevalent thoughts and of relishing the conventional humor of other sane persons.

'Of course, if there were fewer suspicions about Spitteler's writings, and a less reluctant trust in his ability to make beasts and men and gods and vegetables talk and act humorously and ridiculously (for all objects in Spitteler's books long ago attained the altogether human trait of talking humorously and of acting ridiculously), then perhaps the prevailing misconceptions would be replaced by knowledge of his actual writings. This would be highly desirable. Among other things, it would virtually rout certain overly serious critics of Spitteler's works; and assuredly no rout is more pleasing to look upon than that of a critic.

'The main drawback, one fears, to popular knowledge and appreciation of the writings of Carl Spitteler lies in the unusual number of insignificant ideas that have been hatched in no insignificant words about Spitteler's tremendously important and virulently erudite psychoanalytic achievements and philosophic outlook. These overdoses of Spitteler's unwelcome ideas, about which his critics have sometimes talked wildly, are just as easy to understand as the ideas of Socrates or of Christ; but too many learned dissertations have obscured them in formidable shadows.

'When, in response to such questionable laudation, some sadistically inclined reader goes rummaging about libraries in search of Spittelerian literature, he is very apt to discover in it such "looked for" truisms and altruisms, such complexes and mildly veiled logomachy, that afterward he is careful not to recommend Spitteler's books unreservedly. Less pessimistic readers merely look long enough to see the Grecian nomenclature, and turn away, frustrated.

'The truth is, I take it, that Spitteler's writings occasionally are philosophic. Sometimes a Spittelerian theme resembles a religion in search of a philosophy in that it destroys historically conditioned divinities and withdraws the life from mythical representations. This does not mean, however, that Spitteler should be classed as a

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religious or as a philosophic writer. Schiller once disposed of a similar enigma by saying: "What religion do I profess? None of all those you mention to me. And why none? In the name of religion."

'Now the trouble with many philosophers is that they have always been idle brooders, imagining problems instead of extracting them from the life of the times and from their inner selves. This Spitteler did not do, and it is in this sense that one may confess him to be something of a philosopher.

'Although critics have said that Spitteler was indebted chiefly to Ariosto, as a philosopher he certainly resembled Dante. To both men philosophic problems were not scholastic sublimations, but vital questions of faith and of poetic creation. It is in his lightness of touch that he is more closely in line with the Ariosto epos. Yet only the mind of Spitteler could have evolved the unusual technique of portraying animals, inanimate objects, and ideas by means of such drolleries as these:—

'"The little lamb alone remained true, jumping about in much vexation, completely confused, and anxious to bite someone or something . . ."

'"And, looking down, I saw a sleek and fat fatuity crawling on the earth and seeking with shame a place wherein to hide . . ."

'Reasonably enough, one presumes, sentences such as these give amiable grounds for much deep speculation. Yet Spitteler himself, like Mr. Cabell of Virginia, stated that he wished to write beautifully of beautiful happenings in such wise as to let his readers experience the meaning and the appreciation of beauty. This is, incidentally, but one of numerous similarities in the ideas and purposes of these two romantic writers.

'It is in *Prometheus and Epimetheus* (Scribner's, 1932), translated by James F. Muirhead, that Spitteler displays his veiled irony, his objective attitude toward humanity, and the droll imagery of the above quotations. In *Laughing Truths* (Putnam's, 1927), also translated by Mr. Muirhead, he depicts lightly and humorously the graces and foibles of life. These two volumes introduce the English reader to the Spittelerian philosophy. In *Meine Frühesten Erlebnisse* (untranslated) and in *Die Mädchenfeinde* (published in translation by Henry Holt, 1923, as *The Little Misogynists*), Spitteler has best proved his right to be included among those few who have interpreted thoroughly and safely the workings of the child mind. Perhaps the most Germanic of all his works, standing apart from reasonable classification, is the autopsychographic romance, *Imago*, which has been called by Professor Jung a work of exhaustive psychological creation.

'English readers may gain some insight into Spitteler's humanity, charm, and half-humorous, half-sardonic view of life by a leisurely perusal of the *Selected Poems of Carl Spitteler* (translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne and James F. Muirhead and published by Macmillan, 1928), which will bear comparison with some of the best poems in English, even though they be read only in translation. In *Extramundana*, Spitteler justified in his own mind his decision to create a new mythology and a new cosmogony in modern life and letters, and to set the stamp of approval upon that type of writing which is seldom poor enough to receive immediate acclamation. In his *Balladen* and other miscellaneous poetry, he prepared himself for the perfection of his great epics, *Olympischer Frühling* and *Prometheus der Dulder*.

'Throughout Spitteler's life and career runs the Prometheus theme, the eternal struggle between soul and conscience, between doing the expected thing and that which seems good. The theme may be traced in many of his miscellaneous writings; it dominates also his first and last literary efforts: the major epics, *Prometheus und Epimetheus* (1880) and *Prometheus der Dulder* (1924).

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'Ostensibly, the Prometheus theme concerns two brothers. In their youth "they accepted no law and no custom and their only commandment was the whispering of their own souls." In exchange for soul, an angel offers conscience and a kingly crown. Epimetheus accepts, and for a while achieves earthly riches and plaudits. Prometheus rejects, denying that his soul is a wicked woman who will lead him to sin and death. Thereafter, Prometheus journeys alone, and his only companion is misery. Epimetheus knows happiness and success until questions arise which conscience cannot answer. In the end it is Prometheus who saves the situation. The two are reconciled. Epimetheus admits that "on an accursed day I traded my heaven-born soul for an adventitious conscience, which has duly led me through the virtuous path of *Heit* and *Keit* to complete baseness and disgrace." These two guides in human living were recognized by Spitteler as comprising the basic elements in every conflict within the self, making for duality in human disposition. They may be taken, respectively, as symbolic of the revelation of direct truth as opposed to the traditional or conventional sense of right and wrong.

'Critics may consider that Spitteler was deep, obscure, erudite, in brief, that he was something of a superman. Yet he was far from being any of these. Something in his nature caused him to cloak his characters in Grecian names and to inwrap his scenes in mythologic symmetry. In reality, he disliked history, classicism, and things that smacked of academic pedantry and technicality, finding, like Dante, his vital questions in humane faith and in poetic creation. What is called the philosophy of his writings is based upon little more than any unusually strong honesty, or truthfulness, or fearlessness of view. If these things make for obscurity, then Spitteler is obscure.

'There was enough originality in Spitteler to keep him from doing the expected thing. There was enough of the prophet in him to enable him to visualize and to forecast clearly many of the sinister occurrences of recent history. There was enough humor and courage in his outlook to accomplish a transference of his spirit to those who have hated, as well as to those who have loved, humanity. These qualities have been asked for. We have sought vainly for new light in literature, for new points of view, for greater stability of outlook. We have needed desperately new views for changing religious concepts and for a changing cosmogony.

'Perhaps Spitteler foresaw these needs too quickly and met them at too early a date. Yet one writer here submits that the people who wish to erect a new world on the ruins of the old will require a more deep-seated regard for fearlessness, versatility, honesty, humor, and grace than any modern writer other than Spitteler has so far given us. On the Continent, the influence of Carl Spitteler has been gaining ground steadily. Regardless of future gains, his writings have already brought into modern life new beauty and courage, and, as Mr. Muirhead has pointed out, the protagonists are left with the sword still in their hands:—

> 'Courage my watchword is and shall be to the end.
> No guerdon do I ask. What though my cheek be wan?
> "And yet," my heart cries out; and so the fight goes on.
>
> (*Olympian Spring*)'

Soviet Humor

ALTHOUGH the Russian Communist Party is permitted and even encouraged to indulge in the most outspoken kind of self-criticism, all other attacks on the Soviet Government are strictly censored. The humorous story has therefore become the most popular method of retaliation, not only against oppression but against the humorless zeal of the nation's leaders. Here are a few recent examples.

'Do you know the difference between Moses and Lenin? Moses first brought the

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plagues and then freedom. Lenin brought freedom first and then the plagues.'

A longer story describes a Russian questioning an American visitor to Moscow.

'Have you got big department stores in America?'

'Of course.'

'How many in New York, for instance?'

'About twenty.'

'How big is a department store?'

'Ten or twelve stories.'

'How many people work in one?'

'Two thousand and sometimes even three thousand.'

'Why do you need so many?'

'There are shopgirls, managers, and floorwalkers who tell you where you can find different wares—clothes, shoes, food, toys, and so on.'

'We have a department store in Moscow, too.'

'How many people work there?'

'One man.'

'How is that possible?'

'Why not? How many people do you need to tell you that there are n't any shoes, that there is n't any food, and that there are n't any toys?'

Americans frequently figure in Russian humor. Another story tells of an American visitor to Moscow who is being shown a street where some planks and wooden blocks are lying.

'We have a Five-Year Plan now. Do you see this wood? In five years there will be a house here bigger than an American skyscraper.'

They go on walking and come to a street where there is some scrap iron.

'In five years there will be an iron foundry here bigger than any in America.'

They come to an alley. A line of people are standing in front of a food shop.

'What is that?' the American asks.

'We have a Five-Year Plan. That is a food shop and the people are waiting for bread. In five years Moscow will be too small for all these lines.'

The Five-Year Plan is a favorite topic of jest, as witness the story of the elderly Russian who complains to one of his comrades about his hard life: 'Here I am with nothing to eat, nothing to drink, clothes in tatters, and frozen with cold, yet I want to live twenty-five or thirty years more.'

'I don't understand you. If you are having such a hard time, comrade, why do you want to live so long?'

'I want to see how the Five-Year Plan will end.'

Here is a story about a Communist speaker who is exclaiming: 'We have performed the greatest miracles with the Five-Year Plan. For instance, the Leningrad harbor. What used to be there? Nothing. And now twenty-five ships arrive and thirty ships leave port every day.'

At this point a worker interrupts: 'What are you saying? What's that about twenty-five ships arriving every day and thirty ships leaving? I work at that harbor and I know that . . .'

'You know nothing, comrade,' replied the speaker. 'Obviously, you do not read any newspapers.'

And finally the story is told of a questionnaire that is supposed to read as follows:—

'Have you relatives?

'A. If so, have any of them been shot?

'B. If not, why not?'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Inflation Ahead

IT WAS suggested last month in the opening paragraph of 'The World Over' that present conditions in Germany foreshadowed future developments in the United States. Inflation of the dollar was taken for granted as inevitable. Many comments in the foreign press have sustained the contention with varying reservations. The London *Economist*, for instance, sees Hitler and Roosevelt facing similar situations:—

From extreme economic depression strange political forces arise; and the indications are that in the United States, no less than in Germany, democracy, if it is to survive the crisis, may have to surrender much of its traditional sovereignty to its executive rulers.

Between the increased power which Mr. Roosevelt is asking should be delegated to him by Congress and the curious form of semiconstitutional *coup d'état* put into effect by Adolf Hitler there is no close analogy. But this at least is common to the situation of the Chancellor of the Reich and the new President of the United States: in both cases the hard core of the problem that confronts them is economic. Herr Hitler must somehow reconcile the demands of Germany's powerful agrarian interests for high protection with the situation of a country that has six million industrial workers unemployed and a budget heavily mortgaged by existing commitments. President Roosevelt, for his part, must succeed in restoring some degree of economic prosperity to the United States; but whereas Herr Hitler, having promised the millennium, will presumably be accorded a little time to make his promise good, the task that confronts Mr. Roosevelt of reviving the now wholly suspended economic activity of America is immediate and brooks not a week's delay.

Le Temps compares the United States in 1933 with England and Germany in 1931:—

To understand the present situation it is useful to compare it to the events of September 1931 in Great Britain and to those of July of the same year in Germany.

When England suspended the gold standard there were no runs on English banks and no moratorium was declared. Operations in foreign exchange were not halted; the British Government confined itself to imposing certain restrictions on its own citizens. The banks continued to make payments and do business, indeed their task was facilitated by the abandonment of the gold standard, which could have been maintained only if credit had been restricted rigorously. This condition has often been summed up in the brief formula, 'England sacrificed her money to save her banks.'

What happened in Germany was quite different. The monetary crisis of July 1931 came on top of a banking crisis. As in the United States to-day, there was a moratorium and a gold embargo. At the same time a severe control over the foreign-exchange market was instituted. Germany stopped meeting her obligations abroad, or at any rate paid only in so far as her exchange position enabled her to do so. In order to avoid inflation the authorities prevented the banks from getting the liquid funds they needed from the sources of issue. It was a default that rapidly became general, especially in relation to other countries, a default to permit the mark to be saved. German money, having become almost exclusively a domestic currency, ceased to be officially

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traded in on the foreign exchanges, thanks to which fact it retained its value at approximately par.

It is said that the line of conduct that the United States has now adopted resembles much more closely what Germany did in 1931 than the policy England followed in that year. Everything that has happened up to now looks as if America had decided to sacrifice her banks in order to save her money.

Between the two situations there exists, however, an important difference. Whereas the régime of control, restriction, and organized failure in Germany was established for a long period of time—in fact it is still in force—the President of the United States has taken provisional measures for the moment. What the ultimate decisions will be nobody yet knows.

But we must not forget that a great part of American opinion wants a cheaper dollar, whereas the German population, having endured the sufferings of monetary failure in 1923, ardently desired to have the mark remain intact. Will not this difference in mentality between the two countries finally force their monetary policies to diverge? And, finally, will the depth of the economic depression and the extent of unemployment allow the American authorities to impose on the nation a policy of isolation, of high tariffs, of self-sufficiency, of pitiless deflation, a policy that cannot be avoided if the currency is to be saved but one that will aggravate the existing economic paralysis?

Marcel Chaminade, writing in *Je Suis Partout*, asks the identical question:—

England is said to have sacrificed its money to save its banks; Germany sacrificed its banks to save its money. Is n't there reason to fear that the United States will find itself forced to sacrifice both its money and its banks and to make a radical break between the past and the future?

From whatever point of view one examines the problem one cannot yet see how the depreciation of the dollar can be avoided. Even maintaining the gold standard in principle, although its normal functioning is destroyed by the embargo on the metal, cannot prevent the fall of the currency. Exactly the same thing happened to the Canadian dollar under identical circumstances. But it is highly probable that the dollar, when it is detached from gold after attempting to offer resistance, will embark upon a cycle of tumultuous adventures to an end that cannot be foreseen.

Nineteen-Seven Repeats Itself

THE London *Economist* has excavated from its files some striking evidence of the similarity between the crisis of 1907 and conditions to-day. Under the heading, '*Plus Ça Change*,' it lists the following items:—

The last banking crisis in the United States occurred in November 1907. During that month, the *Economist* published articles with the following titles: 'President Roosevelt's Paper Issues,' 'The American Scramble for Currency,' 'The Sufferings of American Traders.' Under the heading of 'The Money Market' the following occurs:—

'There will be no relaxation of the drain . . . until the Government of the United States consents to substitute for the vast ruins of credit a huge issue of paper currency, temporarily, if not permanently, inconvertible. As the industrial and commercial distress becomes more and more acute, the probability of such an issue rapidly increases.'

Other articles in the same month were: 'The London Traffic Problem,' 'Motors and Mortality,' 'Dumping and Counter-Dumping,' 'South African Depreciation and Recovery,' 'Armstrong and Vickers

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in Japan,' 'The "Trade" in Arms' (this, however, dealt with the temperance problem), 'The Prices of Commodities.' ('The fall in the average prices of commodities . . . made further progress last month. The fall was again most marked in raw materials, the special cause operating to bring it about being the financial crisis in the United States.')

American Advertising through German Eyes

AFTER four years' experience with American newspapers, magazines, publishing houses, and advertising agencies, Kaethe Olshausen-Schönberger has returned to Germany with the conviction that American advertising is the most stupid and conventional in the world. Here are some of her personal impressions:—

One of the most renowned and able German advertising artists, whose illustrations were among the most beautiful and effective in the country, went to New York ten years ago and tried to make his way there with unexampled energy. To-day he is an interior decorator. His last effort of three years ago was a very interesting example of what I want to describe. He had drawn for a well-known cough remedy an illustration that everyone liked. Until that time the firm had used an illustration the ineffective form of which was typical of the miserably low level of the old-fashioned advertising pictures that are popular in America. The new picture represented in very simple form and line three men just alike, with their coat collars turned up, walking in step against wind and rain. They were like three storm-bent trees and gave such a strong impression of cold and damp that you shivered involuntarily when you looked at them. Everything, including the color, was of the greatest simplicity, and the poster stood out like a rocket against the dull expanse of trash that adorned the walls of the subways. Everyone noticed it, remembered it, and called his neighbor's attention to it. It became the talk of the town in New York, but within two weeks it disappeared and the old, inferior picture was restored. Inquiries were made and the company announced that since its exciting advertisement had appeared the sales of its cough remedy had declined.

In order to explain this point of view, I must refer to another example of American business psychology. I was calling on the head of a well-known soft-drink firm in Philadelphia and had a very interesting, two-hour conversation with him, in the course of which neither one of us could convince the other. The American told me, to my great astonishment, after he had looked through my work, 'I cannot use you. Your drawings are much too interesting and amusing.' Then he continued, 'I'll tell you something. Some years ago a well-known breakfast-food company published an advertisement that delighted everybody. It showed a poor little Negro boy trying for all he was worth to pull a carton bearing the name of the breakfast food out of the way of an express train. Since everyone enjoyed the picture so much and did not forget it, the firm issued a questionnaire two years later asking what advertising picture had done most for the product. More than eighty per cent of the replies did not name any one picture and therefore this popular illustration was considered a mistake. The point is that the drawing should not draw the attention away from the advertised product.'

That was the way the head of the Philadelphia company explained his point of view. I tried in vain to make clear to him that he had reasoned incorrectly and I asserted that the more effective the drawing was the better, only it must, of course, be linked up inseparably with the advertised product. The most striking example of this is the old picture that the

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Prudential Assurance Company of Great Britain has used for more than half a century. Everyone who has traveled much or read English newspapers knows this picture and never forgets it. It represents the rock of Gibraltar in the simplest form and on it is written: 'The Prudential has the strength of Gibraltar.' Everyone knows that that rock is the strongest natural fortification in the world and that it guards the entrance to the Mediterranean. I remember once, when I was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar on a steamer, how everybody on board had the same idea, which an English lady expressed as follows: 'Is n't it shameful that I can't forget that stupid assurance company?' We all laughed and agreed that we had thought just the same thing. But the Americans are not only conservative; they are the most obstinate people in the world and think they know everything better than anybody else.

But to return to the German artist and his unfortunate picture. The firm that made the cough medicine thought that it had been quite justified in its decision because after the old illustration was returned sales advanced more rapidly than ever. But again they had come to the wrong conclusion, as people so often do in America. When the German's placard appeared the weather was mild and people were not catching cold. But when the former picture was restored the weather changed. There was a great deal of snow and wind and the result was that the public needed and bought the product.

The advertising agencies almost always want to produce better work and often have the greatest difficulty with their clients, who believe that the more colors there are in an advertisement the more effective it is. It is impossible to convince them that two or three colors make a much stronger impression. They believe that the more it costs the better it must be. They want all kinds of unnecessary details included in the advertisement so that the result is a furious variety of colors that nobody would look at if the Americans were not unexampled masters in the art of devising effective slogans that compensate for their poor illustrations.

The rules that are laid down for illustrators are almost incredible. The editor of a sport magazine once said to me, 'All your polo ponies are much too fat. Please remember that under all conditions the horses must be as slender as the riders.' My objection that polo ponies are always small, sturdy animals carried no weight. 'The point is not what they really look like but what the public wants to see. Anything fat is disliked.' Let me say in behalf of the public that only the extraordinary preconceptions of prominent editors have given it this reputation of caring only for trash and having no understanding of art.

How little these leaders of public taste really know the public was proved by the establishment of the most popular humorous paper of the present time, the *New Yorker*. It ridicules all kinds of fatness, the wives of American millionaires and the members of the European nobility. Its cover is adorned with pictures of women the size of hippopotamuses; it caricatures the snobbery of the top four hundred, the silliness of the supermodern, the primitive emotions of the man in the street, but, above everything else, fat women. The public was delighted and within a year the *New Yorker* was immensely popular and had so far outdistanced all other papers of its kind that they could hardly go on existing. Needless to say, it was imitated on all sides and advertisements were naturally affected. Humorous, even grotesque, advertising pictures are now in demand.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

EUROPEAN DIPLOMATIC HISTORY, 1871–1932. *By Raymond J. Sontag. New York: The Century Company. 1933. $3.50.*

OSTENSIBLY a volume in the Century Historical Series, in reality this particular diplomatic history will appeal to the ever increasing followers of politics and other 'humanities.' Professor Sontag of Princeton writes ingenuously, with insight, brevity, and pith. Here is no obtrusive scholarship; the documentation is a component of the work. The author's thesis is something like this: the muddled years from 1859 to 1871 upset an old *status quo* and introduced the riddles of modern times. To every difficulty palliatives were applied. The palliatives were invaluable: they allowed time for the discovery of remedies. But the opportunity went unused. The statesmen and masses mistook the palliatives for panaceas, and when cures were not effected indignant outcries followed. Hence our pressing problems of to-day. Is revolution at hand, or will tradition prove stronger? May we look for more 'immanent justice,' or only for 'continuation of policy'?

The old procedure was as follows: statesmen weighed their chances; if the issue was important and military victory probable, war was preferable to diplomatic defeat; if statesmen blundered, they might become desperate, as in 1914 and on other occasions. Since the World War there has been little improvement in statesmanship. For example, between 1921 and 1927, France concluded alliances with the four new powers of Europe in order to consolidate the *status quo* of Versailles and, if possible, improve upon it. Since 1923 she has also sought to shift partial responsibility for maintaining it upon the League. At the same time, the French have contended that the League is impotent because the Covenant does not define with sufficient exactitude what the action against aggressor nations would be.

This raises our own problem: how can the old system of big alliances be prevented? Will there be new partition treaties, or will the diplomatic revolution that throws 'authoritarian' Central Europe into open hostility with the Little Entente continue? It is not Professor Sontag's task to answer. He has n't pretended to. He has, however, furnished an admirable background for an understanding of the present chaos.

THE GERMAN PHŒNIX. *By Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.*

MORE industry than intelligence has gone into the writing of this book. The result is that it merely stands as a monument to the dead German Republic without fulfilling the promise of its title by explaining why the German phœnix has come to life in the form of the Third Reich. Mr. Villard's cantankerous opening chapters virtually attributing all of the distress of the past fourteen years to the Versailles Treaty—one wonders why victorious Italy produced Mussolini ten years before defeated Germany produced Hitler—prepare us not to expect too much, and we are therefore duly grateful for his succeeding chapters on 'State Socialization,' 'Social Gains of the Revolution,' 'Women and Morals,' 'The Republic, Youth, and Education,' and 'The Press Under the Republic.' One chapter, 'Agrarians, Farmers, and the State,' still possesses actuality, for it tells the story of German post-war agriculture, which has had an important bearing on the rise of the *Junkers* and which will not reach its conclusion until the agricultural interests symbolized by Hindenburg have been defeated by the Rhineland industrialists, the Nazis, or revolution. Here and here only Mr. Villard adds to our understanding of nearly everything that has happened since his book appeared in January.

THE SPIRIT OF LANGUAGE IN CIVILIZATION. *By Karl Vossler. Translated from the German by Oscar Oeser. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1933. $3.00.*

KARL VOSSLER will be remembered in America chiefly for one of his monumental analyses, entitled *Mediæval Culture*, which Harcourt published just four years ago. He is a professor at the University of Munich and a prolific scholar whose artistry affords pleasure

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and illumination. These essays, which were originally given as lectures, represent the fruit of seven years' labor. Some of the outstanding titles are: 'Speech, Conversation, and Language,' 'Language and Nature,' 'Language and Life,' 'Language Communities,' 'Language and Science,' and 'Language and Poetry.' It is useless to try to depict their essence in any short space, except to say that two general influences are always at work in the spirit of language: an inner form, which is created by sentiments and experiences of individuals and of races; and an outer form, which expresses universal ideas.

The book has astonishing scope and the author warns those of his readers who are used to academic philosophizing not to forget that his wide range of logic, subject matter, and speculation is necessary for any satisfactory analysis of the concept of language.

A HISTORY OF THE ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS OF MODERN EUROPE. *By Frederick L. Nussbaum. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. 1933. $4.50.*

INFLUENCED by the Swiss, Sismondi, and the German, List, Teutonic economists have developed *Nationalökonomie* as opposed to *Volkswirtschaft*. This seems a distinction similar to that between *Realpolitik* and political theory. At all events, the idea of *Nationalökonomie*, which is politico-economic rather than socio-economic, has been expounded and interpreted by two scholarly German-Austrian contemporaries, Othmar Spann and Werner Sombart. These exponents of a new 'historicity' in economic evaluation relegate theory to limbo and portray the purpose of history as comprehension rather than interpretation.

The crux of their suggestion is that basic institutional changes will occur, regardless of political boundaries. To establish this principle (a true disciple cannot say 'theory'), Sombart has written a treatise of about a million words in three huge volumes, entitled *Der Moderne Kapitalismus* (Munich, 1916–1927). Professor Nussbaum now performs the difficult feat of reproducing in readable English the gist of these recondite explanations, with such interpolations as may be essential to American readers.

First, he attacks the problems of modern economic institutions. Then he shows the transition from a sustenance to an exchange economy. He includes an admirable synthesis of the technical equipment of capitalism with the adaptation of population groups to capitalism. Parts III and IV portray capitalism on its upward climb and capitalism dominant. Chapters VI and VIII of Part IV, on rationalization of the market and on economic life as a whole, will prove invaluable to those who feel perturbed by nostalgic remembrances of conditions before the late panic.

It is enlightening to reflect that capitalism, which now seems like a great conservatism, was once a great radicalism. Professor Nussbaum is neither radical nor conservative. Since we first read his contributions to the *Journal of Modern History*, he has appeared to us as possessed of profound common sense, even enough for a certain great conservative university that one recalls when thinking (forgive us!) of Technocracy.

THE GREAT TECHNOLOGY. *By Harold Rugg. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. $2.50.*

NO READER of THE LIVING AGE needs to be reminded that we live in a period of rapid social change. Our recent articles on Technocracy, for instance, emphasized in a new way and with a new urgency that the world crisis has not yet emerged from its preliminary stage. From now on, however, events should move more rapidly, and for that reason anyone in whom Technocracy aroused curiosity rather than agreement had better read *The Great Technology* at once, although bolder spirits, who sympathized with Leon Ardzrooni's attack on Technocracy for ignoring the revolutionary teachings of Thorstein Veblen, will find Dr. Rugg as evasive as Howard Scott and no more inflammatory than Norman Thomas. A year ago *The Great Technology* might have been startling. To-day it reads like warmed-over, diluted Technocracy. Six months hence it will have gone to join the Humanists. At least that is one man's guess.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

tures of a Ph.D. turned street cleaner on his day of rest. Not only does this one story indicate that the French people fear the future; the whole issue of *Vu* from which it was translated was devoted to descriptions of a technocratic state that the French regard as identical with hell.

RAMÓN GÓMEZ DE LA SERNA, a leading Spanish critic who belongs to the same school and generation as Ortega y Gasset, defines humor and then illustrates the forms it assumes in different nations. It is a leisurely, literary, and learned performance so skillfully executed as to make even a LIVING AGE reader forget for a moment that roaring in his ears caused by the collapse of contemporary civilization.

H. R. GOLA is an Austrian engineer who has spent many years in China and visited many parts of the country. He describes various instances of slavery that have come to his attention—including a slave of his own, purchased from a starving family. But the article is in no sense a diatribe against the anachronism of slavery in the twentieth century. Rather is it an understanding interpretation of the daily life of a great people.

THE music critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, whose name must have brought him by this time to Switzerland, jail, or the hospital, commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Wagner and the centenary of the birth of Brahms. His disappointment in Wagner will not appeal to members of a party whose leader was supposed to be engaged to the widow of Wagner's son, and his treatment of Brahms is even less sympathetic. But the fact that Herr Einstein's musical opinions do not coincide with those of the Nazis is the best possible indorsement of his critical acumen.

SO MANY excellent articles came our way this month that we are confining our 'Persons and Personages' department to a sketch of Hugenberg's career. We chose Hugenberg not because we anticipate that he will be the man of the hour in Germany but rather because he represents the last obstacle that Hitler must overcome before attaining complete power.

OUR readers of four or five years ago will recall a department entitled 'Our Own Bookshelf' which we are restoring this month. Here we shall present reviews of books published in the United States that we believe have a special appeal to THE LIVING AGE audience. Most of these books will be the work of foreign authors or will deal with foreign themes. Most of them will be books that are not given much attention in publications of general circulation. We hope, therefore, that the department will prove a real service. The reviews are written by our own staff and some outside assistants. This month Mr. L. W. Eshleman, who also contributes a note to our 'Letters and the Arts' department, is represented by several contributions. Other contributors will be named when, as, and if they make their appearance.

NOT that we would boast—but we do point with some pride to the indorsements of our work that appear on the front and back inside covers of this issue. On the front cover we have collected some of our own interpretations of world affairs, starting in 1930, when our present monthly format was adopted, and we were amazed ourselves to discover how many of our prophecies have been fulfilled to the letter. We had to confine ourselves to brief excerpts, but on the back inside cover we present some recent opinions of readers in many different walks of life and in many parts of the country. Their unsolicited testimony, based on constant reading of each issue, supports the more framentary evidence drawn from the magazine itself.

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WAR AND PEACE

IT IS clear that the twentieth century is the most disturbed century within the memory of humanity. Any contemporary of ours who wants peace and comfort before everything else has chosen a bad time to be born.—*Leon Trotski.*

There will be war in the spring.—*General Pariani, head of the Italian Military Mission in Tirana, Albania.*

Our defense preparations will be ready in good time, and so will the necessary mobilization of our frontier population. And, though air attacks are more difficult to fight off, let us not condemn the strength of our air force. In this troubled world, where, however, I can count on sure friends, we are in a condition to meet all eventualities. As M. Herriot said, 'When we seek to bring the nations together and maintain peace between them, we are not beggars.'—*Paul Painlevé, former French premier.*

If we could make everybody, including Russia, take up cricket, it would be the best guarantee for world peace ever made.—'*Sunday Pictorial,*' *London Independent Conservative paper.*

To the outside world, weighing our one-time sacrifices of war, we want to be sincere friends of peace, which will at last heal the wounds from which all are suffering.—*Adolf Hitler, Chancellor of Germany.*

When hand grenades burst all around
Our heart's contentment knows no bound.
—*Nazi battle song.*

God has created me a German. Germanism is a gift of God and God wants me to fight for my Germanism. Service in war is not a violation of Christian conscience but is obedience to God.—*Canon adopted by Nazi Protestant ministers.*

We all are very fully aware of the dangers into which we may drift if we do not do something together to devise some way of making European countries more neighborly in spirit. In that, I, for one, am sure we will have the fullest sympathy and support of America and full coöperation within the bounds of past tradition. What we are doing is in full accord with the peaceful spirit of the people of the United States.—*J. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain.*

It is clear that Europe is spending far too much on armaments. Here let me say that an argument frequently used in Europe is a statement that the United States is spending 43 per cent of its revenue on armaments, whereas Great Britain is only spending 15 per cent.

The falseness of this argument results from the fact that armament expenditure in the United States is expressed as a percentage of the federal income and takes no account of the income of the various states of the Union, whereas in England much of this income is included in the national budget and therefore makes the British expenditure appear as a smaller percentage.—*Lord Marley, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, Great Britain.*

The real cause of all the present troubles in the Far East is anti-foreign agitation inflamed by the Red elements rampant in China, with no central government to suppress illicit movements. How to lead China toward establishing responsible government should be the primary point in facing the existing situation.—*Viscount Kikujiro Ishii, former Japanese Ambassador to the United States.*

The Soviet Government has been consistently adhering, in the Far East as well, to the policy of noninterference and strict neutrality in relation to other nations. We still continue firmly to adhere to this position and will as consistently pursue it in the future as we have in the past, in the interests of peace.—*V. M. Molotov, Chairman of the Soviet of People's Commissars of the U. S. S. R.*

Japan could not stand idly by and permit Communist ideas to undermine the stability of the East. She has her own security to consider.—*Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese statesman.*

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